WORLD SOCCER

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BELGIUM

World SOCCER

Left to right: JIMMY NICHOLL, JOHN O'NEIL (N.Ireland) and DAVID JOHNSON (England)

German players celebrate their 2-1 victory over Belgium in the final of the European Championship.

Germany prove worthy winners

European Championship Final report from Keir Radnedge

IT took an awful lot of rubbish before the European Championship produced a match worthy of its setting.

But when Horst Hrubesch snatched West Germany's winner in the dying minutes of normal time in the Rome Olympic Stadium, there could be no doubt that the right team had won and that at the death the finals had produced the game we had all been waiting for.

The Germans are again European Champions, as they were in 1972 when they beat the Belgians in the semi-finals and as they so nearly were in 1976. Then only the unhappy drama of a penalty shoot-out denied them.

But even though this time they also left matters late, no one could complain. After two weeks of poor football, bad referees and even more disappointing crowds, they turned on the football of which champions are made.

There was no Klaus Fischer, nor Rainer Bonhof. But unlike the other countries whom the Germans had left behind, there were no excuses either.

Merely the determination to cover the gaps and the confidence to thrust forward the youngsters. Bernd Schuster and Hans-Peter Briegel, 20 and 24 years old respectively, went into these finals as young reserves, and emerged as European stars.

Schuster, with his skill, his acceleration, his deft touch and fierce shot, stood out for me above all.

A new Beckenbauer? Of course not, instead an outstanding talent in his own right. Here's hoping his former coach at Koln, Hennes Weisweijler, can't persuade him to join the trek stateside for many years yet.

As for Briegel, the one-time decathlete, powerful, so difficult to shake off the ball, his influence was clear from the effect on the rest of the team of his injury at the start of the second half.

With Briegel out of the game, the Germans fell apart in midfield, their marking disintegrated, Wilfried Van Moer at last began to dictate affairs and the Belgians, overwhelmed before the interval, grabbed a goal.

Never mind whether Uli Stielike's foul on Francois Van Der Elst was inside or outside the penalty area. The forward was clear and a penalty was the only just punishment. It was also a fitting reward for the way the Belgians had kept their cool despite the pressure,

● *Continued overleaf*

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Horst Hrubesch is swamped by his team mates after scoring the first of his two goals against Belgium.

● *Continued from previous page*

despite the opposition of most of the crowd and despite a barrage of criticism.

Suddenly the Belgians, the outsiders who finished as Europe's No. 2 nation, yet won only one game in four in these finals, were in with a chance.

And it was the champion quality of the Germans — not so much skill now as spirit and the will to keep going — which forced them back into the game and provided the reward of the late, late header from Hamburg centre forward Hrubesch.

He's been called clumsy, but the best teams are amalgams of many different sorts and styles, and Hrubesch had demonstrated his right to be there with the way he took his opening goal, chesting down Schuster's pass before belting the ball beyond Pfaff.

The Belgian goalkeeper, recalled only at the start of the finals against England "because he's good with crosses," revealed far more of his talent in the final. Brilliant saves from Muller, Schuster (twice), and Allofs added yet another shaft of skill to a dramatic match.

Later there will be more time to take a grander perspective of the finals, on the unsuccessful new formula, and its effect on attendances and the standard of football on the eclipse of Italy, England and Holland.

In the meantime one of the significant features of the finals was that almost all the eight teams have by virtue of going right to the bitter end, forfeited the chance to rebuild before the World Cup qualifiers are upon them.

Perfection

Everyone, except . . . West Germany.

For not only were they the best team in the finals, they were also one of the youngest, demonstrating yet again that success is not found in such a tournament by shining during the season, but by timing to perfection. They hit form at just the right moment.

The Germans started slowly in the finals against Czechoslovakia. And having played cautiously to a vital first game win, they opened out in style against Holland. A sterile draw with the Greeks was enough to see them into the final, where the Germans turned on the magic again . . . in the first half, anyway.

At last Europe's television didn't need to be ashamed of the images. At last a team was showing that the attacks on European standards by Cesar Menotti and Claudio Coutinho were ill-founded.

One basic problem of these finals was the memory of 1976, and the brilliance of four extra-time spectaculars. The 1980 formula couldn't cater for such brilliant tastes, and the sooner Europe sees a return towards the old formula the better.

But Rome did show that European countries still possess the attacking skill and verve to create dramatic football worthy of the big occasion.

The Germans had their new heroes: Harald Schumacher, the third goalkeeper a year ago, yet whose second half stops were vital . . . Stielike, the midfielder at Real Madrid who had always dreamed of playing sweeper . . . skipper Bernard Dietz . . . Schuster and Briegel, and the maddeningly inconsistent Hansi Muller.

Match facts . . . and all the action

Statistics:
West Germany: 13 shots (7 on target), Corners 11; Fouls 10; Offside 10; Booking: Forster (58, dissent).
Belgium: 8 shots (3 on target); Corners 4; Fouls 16; Offside 2; Bookings Millecamps (36, foul), Van Der Eycken (55, dissent), Van Der Elst (90, dissent).

If the Belgians were the more practical, they played their part.

Pfaff was superb. Erich Gerets and Walter Meeums in defence relished the major European stage. In midfield Van Moer enjoyed his new — and final — lease of life and Van Der Elst found form in time for the last game, just when the ever-improving Jan Ceulemans fell victim to fatigue.

But, well organised as they were by Guy Thys, they did not have that little bit extra to stop Jupp Derwall's men providing their own boss with a 19-game unbeaten record. Derwall has yet to know defeat as German manager.

If his men continue to combine — as they did in Rome — the skill and entertainment of the first half with the grit and character of the last 15 minutes, then defeats will be few and far between.

West Germany did more than win the European Championship. They restored one's faith in football.

4-Pfaff saves well from Muller, tipping the shot away for a corner.

6—The first bad foul — Schuster is chopped down by Millecamps.

10—West Germany go 1-0 ahead. Schuster plays a one-two with Allofs and Hrubesh chests the ball down before hitting his shot past Pfaff from the edge of the penalty box.

11—A German defensive error lets in Ceulemans to send Van Der Elst clear but his hasty shot flies high and wide as Schumacher runs out to challenge.

26—A rare Belgian effort, and even then it's only after a free kick that Meeuws shoots wide.

29—Ahrubesch plays a sharp one-two with Muller who goes clear but shoots far too hastily and well wide.

33—Schuster accelerates at the Belgian defence and hits a fierce 25-yarder which Pfaff tips over the top.

34—Cools plays a short cross from the Belgian right, and Ceulemans, falling, shoots into Schumacher's arms.

35—Allofs finds some rare space, bursting

June 21

THIRD PLACE PLAY-OFF

CZECHOSLOVAKIA (0) 1 **ITALY (0 1**
Jurkemik Graziani
Czechoslovakia won 9-8 on penalties
in Naples 25,000
Ref: E. Linemayr (Austria)

Czechoslovakia: Netolicka; Barmos, Ondrus, Geogh, Vijacek, Kozak, Jurkemik, Panenka, Masny, Nehoda, Vizek (Gajdusek).

Italy: Zoff; Gentile, Collovati, Scirea, Cabrini, Baresi, Tardelli, Bettega (Benetti), Causio, Graziani, Altobelli.

Czechs win on penalties

CZECHOSLOVAKIA snatched victory over Italy in a thrilling penalty shoot-out which exploded an otherwise mediocre game into life.

Before 25,000 supporters in Naples's San Paolo stadium both sides started off in such a fashion which hardly suggested that third and fourth place in the second most important football tournament in the world was at stake.

After slow hand clapping from the host crowd, Altobelli had a fine header saved by Netolicka and Vizek warmed Zoff's hands making him dive at full stretch.

The first half ended with neither side looking in danger of conceding nor scoring a goal with Italy slightly ahead on points.

Just as the match looked in danger of becoming a complete non-event, Jurkemik popped up to blast the ball from all of 35 yards past a despairing Zoff to score the goal of the tournament.

With a wave of patriotic fervour generated by the Italian fans, Italy forged their way back into the game when Graziani forced his far post header over a hesitant Netolicka.

Italy gained the advantage but could not turn their frenetic effort into goals, while Nehoda put in a fine run and shot over the bar. The issue was still unresolved after 90 minutes and it was up to the accuracy of both teams to decide it on penalties.

Both sides proceeded to coolly put eight penalties past Zoff and Netolicka when the Czech keeper dived low to save the first bad spot kick from Collovati which almost spun over the line as Netolicka grabbed it. It was left to Barmos to put Czechoslovakia into the record books as coming third while Italy were left to face the music from a very critical public.

through the middle and seeing the brilliant Pfaff push the drive away again for another corner.

36—The Germans start warming up substitute Dell'haye . . . Millecamps is booked for bringing down Rummenigge on the edge of the penalty box.

38—Schuster is just too high from 25 yards.

43—Schuster and Allofs combine to send Rummenigge clear. But though the Belgians hesitate, thinking him offside, the referee waves play on only for the German to shoot badly wide with the goal at his mercy.

44—Millecamps needs treatment after being hurt in a collision with Renquin and Rummenigge.

Half-time: West Germany 1, Belgium 0.

46—Briegel goes off, leaving the Germans with ten men, after being hurt in a collision with Van Der Eycken.

49—Briegel returns, hobbling, and is immediately fouled by Cools.

55—Van Der Eycken is booked for dissent . . . Cullmann comes on as substitute for Briegel.

56—A rare Belgian attack and Gerets shoots wide from 25 yards.

58—Another booking this time Forster is shown the yellow card for a foul on Ceulemans.

60—Belgium win only their second corner.

62—Mommens gives Van Der Eycken a clear sight at goal, but Schumacher makes his first major save, tipping the ball brilliantly for a corner.

66—Schuster shoots wildly off target from 30 yards.

68—Van Moer is now finding a lot of space and troubling the Germans. After a big scramble in the German penalty box only a hasty clearance by Kaltz clears the lines.

69—Stielike is hurt after a clash with Gerets.

71—The equaliser the rejuventated Belgians had been threatening, arrives, from a controversial penalty. Van Der Elst goes clear through the middle and is tripped by Stielike. Television appears to show the foul just outside the box. But referee Rainea has no hesitation awarding a penalty. Van Der Eycken scores: 1-1.

77—The Germans start to wake up and sort themselves out. Rummenigge slips down the left and pushes in a short cross for Muller, but the Belgians clear.

81—Mommens shoots from 25 yards and Schumacher saves brilliantly for a corner.

86—Dietz with the help of a deflection sends Schuster into the penalty box but Pfaff saves with fine intuition for a corner.

89—The West Germans' 11th corner of the game. Rummenigge takes it down on the left and Hrubesch heads the winner. West Germany 2, Belgium 1.

90—Van Der Elst is booked for petulance after a foul.

FULL-TIME:
WEST GERMANY 2, BELGIUM 1.

June 22

FINAL

WEST GERMANY (1) 2 **BELGIUM (0) 1**
Hrubesch 2 Vandereycken (pen)
in Rome 47,864
Ref: N. Rainea (Rumania)

West Germany: Schumacher; Briegel (Cullmann), Foerster K-H, Dietz, Schuster, Rummenigge, Hrubesch, Mueller, Allofs, Stielike, Kaltz.

Belgium: Pfaff; Gerets, Millecamps, Meeuws, Renquin, Cools, Vandereycken, Van Moer, Mommens, Van der Elst, Ceulemans.

The joy of Karl Heinz Rummenigge after the European Championship Final against Belgium in Rome.

European championship

by Keir Radnedge and Derick Allsop

Rummennigge opens account

Harald Schumacher's secret? The West German goalkeeper prepares for each match with five minutes' yoga. The Koln man reckons this is the only way to instil the necessary mental concentration.

* * *

A throw-away line from Kevin Keegan in the bitterness and disappointment of defeat by Italy caused a storm. Keegan was supposed to have alleged that the Italians had bribed Romanian referee Nicolae Rainea. Keegan insisted after the claim made banner headlines, that it was all a misunderstanding.

* * *

Italian defender Gabriele Oriali was well pleased with the praise which poured upon him after the win over England. "I wish people at Internazionale would give me the credit I get when I play for Italy. I know we've just become Italian champions, but if Juventus came in with an offer for me tomorrow, I'd jump at it."

* * *

Russia sent two dozen coaches and journalists — all understandably cock-a-hoop when news came through that their national Olympic team had beaten Brazil 2-1 in Rio.

* * *

One of the transfers going through during the finals was the move of Dutch spearhead Dick Nanninga from Roda Kerkrade to PSC Eindhoven. Meanwhile Holland team-mate Michel Van Der Korput was quickly trying to become acclimatised to be ready for his imminent move from Feyenoord to Torino. Van Der Korput played stopper for Holland. But Torino intend to line him up as sweeper.

* * *

Czechs on the move . . . include Koloman Gogh to Beveren of Belgium ...Antonin Panenka to Munich 1869 ... Ladislav Kuna of Spartak Trnava to Admira Vienna . . . Jaroslav Pollak, Jan Moder, and Anton Ondrus, all waiting for deals to be completed.

* * *

Waiting for the Czech Federation to sort out its exit permits were Belgian club Anderlecht. Having made new domestic signings in Geurts and Hofkens, they had their eye on another of the Czechs — but weren't saying who. New coach at Anderlecht is Hajduk Split's Tomislavv Ivic. But he has signed only for one year and may then be swiftly succeeded by Standard Liege's Ernst Happel (or so Anderlecht hope).

* * *

Popular as ever with the Italian press was Giacinto Facchetti, captain of Italy when they won in 1968 — when he was also voted player of the tournament, in between all the interviews Facchetti managed to find time to agree to become vice-president of second division Atalanta, his first full-time post since he retired two years ago.

Czechoslovakia 0, W Germany 1

A POLL of the German squad — minus injured Rainer Bonhof — before the opening game found 10 players boasting they'd win the title, 20 sure that they would reach the final, and only Manni Kaltz — for fear of tempting fate, perhaps — refusing to commit himself.

But any dangers of more German over-confidence were dispelled after the finals opened with a whimper. This is the proper World Cup formula, we all said, and true to form, we had an opening game to match.

At least we had a goal — the World Cup Finals haven't seen one in the opening game for 18 years. But this game left the unmistakable impression that in expanding the finals to be "fair" with a league system, the drama had been wiped out.

The teams were not all to blame. The neutral venue meant that fewer than 20,000 fans lost themselves in Rome's Stadio Olimpico, creating so little atmosphere and so little inspiration for the players, that before the end the press box typewriters provided the loudest noise in the ground.

At least the game had woken up a little by then. The first-half had been a yawn with the Czechs the more adept at holding the ball, and the Germans potentially more dangerous with their counter punching?

Even so, a speculative angled shot from the left by Uli Stielike which whistled a few inches too high was their best effort, came in the 32nd minute.

And the best chance fell to the Czechs, three minutes later, when Ladislav Vizek dribbled outside the German defence only to send his flick wide of the far post.

Marion Masny, not quite match fit, took off his track suit to warm up at the interval. But manager Josef Venglos erred on the side of caution by returning him to the subs' bench as the second-half began — a decision about which Venglos may long wonder.

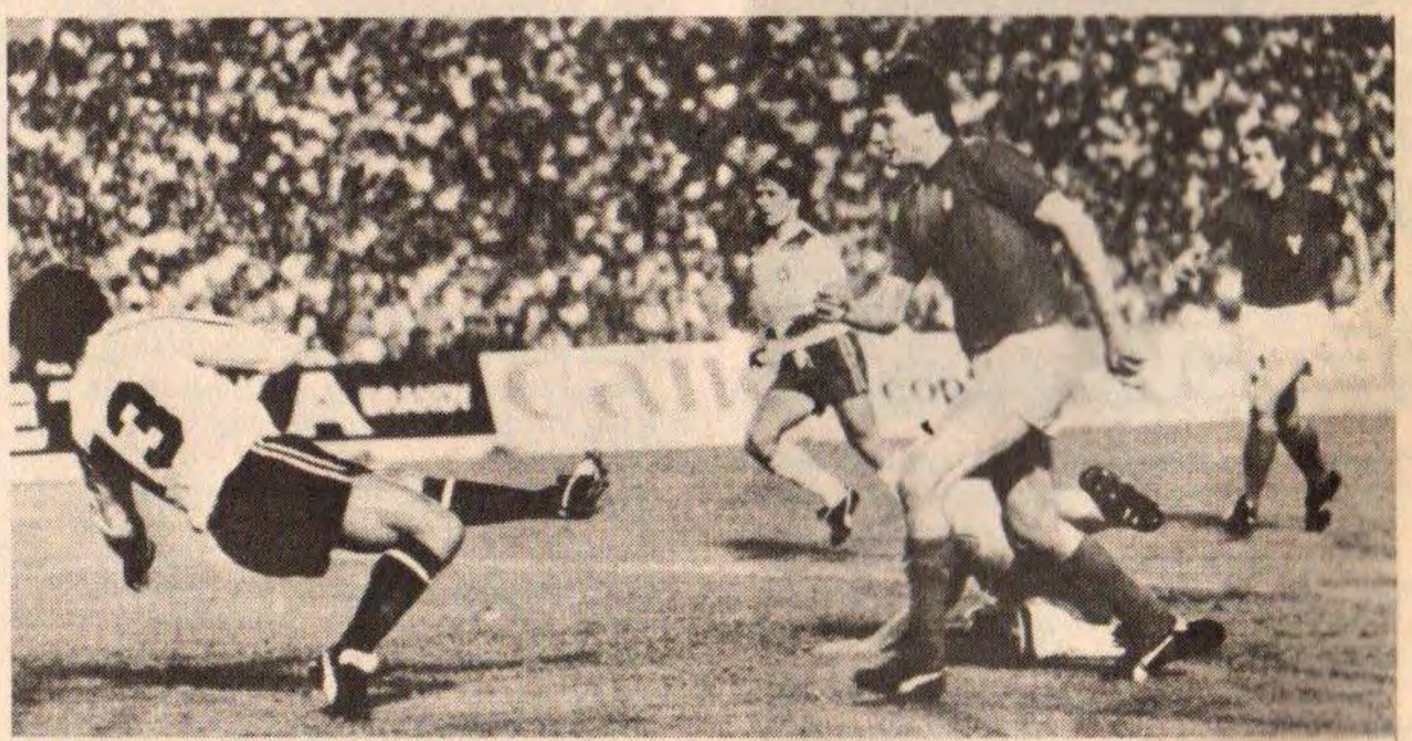
The Germans, their man-to-man marking thus unperturbed, used a 40-yard free-kick from Jurkemik to score the game's only goal in the 55th minute. The classy but inconsistent Hansi Muller found space down the left, swirled in a left-foot cross, and there was Kalli Rummenigge to tickle the ball over the outwitted Netolicka.

This spurred the Czechs into more action. But apart from a sharp turn and shot into the side net from Nehoda and a late header wide from Vizek, their attacking ideas relied over much on Nehoda's ability to win free-kicks.

Fortunately for the German defence, in which Bernd Cullmann was dangerously relaxed as sweeper, a three- or four-man wall was always enough to keep the blasts of Panenka and Jurkemik from troubling Schumacher.

Masny appeared, but too late to make any difference. The Germans might have snatched another goal in the last minute, after an abysmal conclusion to a Muller-Rummenigge break, but manager Jupp Derwall couldn't have complained if the Czechs had found an equaliser instead. Both managers blamed the heat and opening match tension, Venglos also, under questioning, blamed Netlicka for the goal.

The same old story—excuses, excuses . . .



Marco Tardelli scores for Italy against England . . . the only goal of the game.

Kevin Keegan is fouled during the England versus Belgium match.

Holland snatch first win . . .

Holland 1 Greece 0

ONE idiotic moment from Greek goalkeeper Konstantinou prevented his side springing the first major shock of the European Championship.

With Greece more than holding their own in a dismal first half Konstantinou's disaster came within 10 minutes of the restart. With no danger the goalkeeper needlessly tripped Dutch centre forward Nanninga in the penalty area and after considerable argument and gesticulation from the Greek defenders referee Adolf Prokop awarded a penalty.

It was an alert decision that served to let Holland off the hook. Kees Kist strode up to drive the penalty beyond Konstantinou and give his side a victory they scarcely merited.

The Greeks were clearly aware that they had a chance of taking something from the game and the longer it progressed the more adventurous they became.

In the dying seconds Kapsis hit the bar with Dutch substitute goalkeeper Doesburg well beaten. Doesburg had come on after only 15 minutes when regular custodian Schrijvers suffered a facial injury.

Italy 0, Spain 0

ITALY opened their challenge for the European Crown to cries of "buffoons, buffoons".

A gallery fragmented by the controversy surrounding the bribes scandal — one bunch of fans were more interested in displaying their allegiance to relegated Milan — and Italy's uninspiring build-up ultimately lost all faith in Enzo Bearzot's team.

They know that the host nation had been lucky to escape with a point against the group's underdogs.

The Spaniards, written off by almost everyone, produced the most inventive and compelling football of the tournament's first two days.

Their greatest threat came from the Real Sociedad pair Zamora and Satristegui, who ran at the Italian defence with refreshing zest.

Behind them, pulling the strings first this way and then that, was the splendid Asensi. Even at this gentle pace he was able to take control from Italy's most likely inspiration, Antognoni.

The Fiorentina mid-field man had promised so much in the early minutes and with Bettega and Graziani linking well up front Milan's football public saw a rainbow.

But Satrustegui had a goal disallowed and substitute Juanito's free-kick came down off the bar on to the line as the Spaniards grew in confidence.

No Italian suffered more than the once-feared Causio. The crowd called for his removal and the introduction of Altobelli.

A defiant Bearzot did neither and said later: "We have not seen the very best of these players in this match but they have proved themselves. I believe in them, I trust them."

There were few in the 52,000 crowd who shared that belief.

Last time Italy staged the finals Sandro Mazzola picked up a winner's medal. This time he was picking up a telephone, sitting for an hour a day in the offices of the Milan Papergazzetta Dello Sport interpreting the progress of the championships for readers.

★

Even strikes stopped for football — Italian engineers called off a proposed strike so the opening day's games could go out on Eurovision. (Did someone say they shouldn't have worried?)

★

Unlucky 13 for Rainer Bonhof. Hardly had the West German mid-fielder been allocated his squad number than a recurrence of knee ligament trouble put him out of the finals — too late for Juppe Derwall to name a substitute.

★

The DFB remembering their undiplomatic treatment of players' wives after the 1974 World Cup win agreed to allow all who wanted to travel to Italy. In the event only Frau Kaltz accepted.

In fact, Frau Kaltz had to return home sooner than expected. While she was watching her husband playing against Czechoslovakia, burglars were breaking into their home and she had to fly back to Hamburg to inspect the damage.

★

It's seven years since Helmut Haller last played for Juventus, but the Tifosi haven't forgotten. The blond West German was in constant demand as a subject for the fans and their cameras. It took a major piece of International football news to break through the European Championship coverage of the Italian Press, but Lajos Baroti achieved this rare feat when the veteran Hungarian agreed to take over as manager of Benfica — at 66!

★

All the trouble at the England-Belgium game might have been avoided if the Belgian players had gone through with a strike threat hours before the kick-off in Turin.

The players wanted more than double the £1,250 win bonus being offered by the Federation — who threatened a three-year ban for the entire squad if they refused to play.

In the end it was Beringen mid-field veteran Wilfried van Moer who persuaded his team-mates to go on talking — a decision which brought a promise of an extra £600 per point.

★

A computer in Czechoslovakia, fed with all the relevant details, predicted a 3-1 win for England against Holland in the final, and a 2-1 win for Italy over West Germany in the Third place game.

★

The Greeks were soon falling out among themselves — Manager Altekas Panagulias and goalkeeper Vasilou Konsstantinou were involved in a scuffle with a journalist who had hammered the goalie for giving away the vital penalty in the 1-0 defeat by Holland.

European Championship

by Keir Radnedge and Derick Allsop

Hat-trick for Allofs hits Dutch

Holland 2, West Germany 3

WEST GERMAN Manager Jupp Derwall earned his reward for the first attacking gambit of the finals — but Dutch courage gave him ten tense minutes at the end.

The decision to drop Bernd Cullmann from sweeper, moving back Uli Stielike into favourite position and bringing the brilliant potential of Bernd Schuster into midfield was one-half of Derwall's development.

The other was leaving out mid-fielder Bernd Forster and sticking big Horst Hrubesch into the middle of attack.

The obvious effect would be to liberate Klaus Allofs, but not even Derwall could have expected that the Dusseldorf man would express his thanks by hitting a hat-trick in just over an hour.

But when Holland play West Germany there are echoes of more than football at play. And thus it was that the further behind Holland fell, the harder they battled to repair the damage. They should have been awarded the equalising opportunity of a penalty early in the second-half.

Instead, when a spot-kick did go their way, Rep converting after newly-arrived substitute Lothar Matthaus tripped Ben Wijnstekers, there were only minutes remaining at 3-1 down that wasn't quite enough.

True, in the 86th minute Willy van der Kerkhof smacked the ball past Harald Schumacher from 25 yards, but by then the Dutch had lost their race against time.

Having spent most of the match sorting out his team and his tactics, manager Jan Zwartkruis finally got it right, too late. He'd wasted Kees Kist, the league's top scorer, in an unhappy mid-field role and it was only after replacing him with Ipswich's (somewhat bitter) Frans Thijssen, that Holland made their first threatening in-roads into the West German penalty box.

Skill

Without doubt this was the best game so far. The commitment, skill, and will-to-win of both sides raised it to a different plain from the fear-ridden opening exercises.

Three times in the first quarter-of-an-hour Hrubesch had the Dutch in difficulty before the inevitable goal. Schuster's drive rebounded from the post to provide Allofs with the simplest of chances.

The Dutch, facing their third top-level meeting with the West Germans in six years, tried to hit back quickly, but though Rene van der Kerkhof saw a low drive pushed for a corner by the diving Schumacher, when it came to teamwork the Germans had a clear edge.

Briegel, wide on the left in mid-field, and Schuster, wide on the right, caused all sorts of trouble. Some of the methods used to stop them were far from orthodox. A blow in the face from Willy van der Kerkhof stopped Schuster in his tracks on the blind side of referee Robert Wurtz.

If the Frenchman had seen however, it's doubtful whether he would have acted firmly. Schuster and van der Korput collected second-half bookings, but Wurtz made no real attempt to stop the backing and it was only the teams' mutual insistence on their respective victory bids that prevented the game degenerating.

Wurtz's worst prevarication was in the 53rd minute. When Stielike bundled Rene van der Kerkhof off the ball, a penalty appeared the only possible verdict. Wurtz, instead, awarded an indirect free-kick.

Seven minutes later Schuster and Hansi Muller set up Allof's second, and another seven minutes saw Schuster giving Allofs his hat-trick. West Germany would have some sweating to do yet, but they were on their way to victory.

Czechoslovakia 3, Greece 1

THE opening matches had relegated both countries to supporting roles in their group but neither had any intention of being ignored.

The mood was set by a Czech goal in the fifth minute and for much of the game Greece matched them blow for blow.

In the end defending champions, with Masny back in the side, had a little too much guile and organisation, but once again the Greeks won considerable admiration.

The skill and speed of Anastopoulos, and the powerful shooting of Kostikos kept Greek hopes alive and the Czech defence under threat.

Kostikos should have equalised Panenka's opening goal, struck from a free-kick, and Nehoda hit a post before Anastopoulos headed an 11th minute equaliser from Mavros' cross.

Anastopoulos almost managed to turn in a second for Greece after 24 minutes and was still displaying his disappointment when the Czechs broke and Vizek put them back in the lead.

Inevitably the pace slackened a little in the second-half and Czechoslovakia tightened their defence.

Nehoda lost the chance of a clinching goal in the 51st minute but made no mistake 12 minutes later, forcing in the ball following a short corner.

Belgium 2, Spain 1

JULIEN COOLS, the veteran mid-fielder Brugge gave away 12 months ago, turned out to be Belgium's hero as he grabbed the winner which kept alive the outsiders' hopes of pushing all the way to the final stages.

Yet in the opening minutes it was the Spaniards, given new confidence by their draw with Italy, who looked the more likely to press their claims.

A flurry of early corners, the typical trickery of Juanito and the mid-field guile of Juan Manel Asensi, all added up to problems and only a narrow off-side decision cost Jesus Satrustegui and opening goal in the 15th minute.

Two minutes later and, as so often happens, the Belgians sneaked ahead.

A fine one-two through the centre between defenders Walter Meeuws and Eric Gerets, ended with the right-back smashing a low drive below the right hand of Arconada, as the goalkeeper moved the other way trying to cover his near post.

Now that the game began settling, it was clear that the Belgians' off-side tactics were upsetting the Spaniards and through defensive incompetence presented Quini with a 35th-minute equaliser, it just wasn't to be Spain's day.

Immediately the goal went in, skipper Asensi hobbled out of the game and after a further goal had been disallowed by Dutch referee Corver early in the second half, the Belgians regained the initiative to claim the 64th-minute winner through skipper Cools.

In the closing minutes they could have had more. Van der Elst and Verheyen missed easy chances, but at the other end Spain couldn't even get into the danger zone now.

Italy 1, England 0

ENGLAND'S championship ambitions perished in the face of sudden Italian rejuvenation in Turin.

A late goal by Marco Tardelli, the man shackled to Kevin Keegan, was enough to send Italy into an effective 'semi-final' encounter with Belgium.

For a match-and-a-half of the tournament the host nation had looked a blunt, disorganised outfit.

Yet out of nothing they produced imaginative, penetrative football and emerged with a deserved victory.

The moment Antognoni began to function was the moment the match began to tilt away from England. The smooth stride, the marvellous balance, the subtle pass all came together.

He gave a hint of what was to come when he drifted left, just before half-time and aimed a low cross into the path of Graziani, who squandered the chance and allowed Shilton to grab the ball at his feet.

Within a minute of the restart Scirea was wasting another splendid opening and then Graziani shot tamely after rounding Watson.

England's hopes were still not dead. Kennedy hit the woodwork and helped Keegan through for a shot which was pushed away by Zoff.

But this was not to be Keegan's night. The little man created little else and never threatened to take hold of the game.

The crucial move was instigated, quite fittingly by Antognoni. Manager Enzo Bearzot had instructed his players to make greater use of the left and Graziani was there to take the ball after Antognoni had left Coppel in his tracks.

Graziani went by Neal's reckless challenge and crossed for Tardelli to score from close range.

Neal rightly blamed himself for that and the entire England team claimed that a draw would have been a fair result.

Perhaps, though, Bearzot made the important point when he said: "England's players are very good technically but possibly our players have a little more imagination."

Belgium players recovering from the effects of tear gas used by Italian police to quell rioting English fans in Turin.

Holland 1, Czechoslovakia 1

BATTLING to the last — with everything but luck — Holland said goodbye not only to the European Finals but also to their place in world football's hierarchy.

The last survivors of their golden era — Rudi Krol, Arie Haan and Johnny Rep — fought (literally at times) to defy the fates. But by the time another awful referee — Turkey's Hilmi Ok — blew the final whistle, Holland's final fling had failed.

Sadly there were only 11,889 fans in Milan's storm-swept Stadio Meazza to see Krol, Haan and Rep take possibly their final bows at the centre of the international stage.

But with both Holland and the Czechs starting with two points and the outgoing champions possessing a better goal difference, the draw meant that Holland went home and Josef Venglos's men went on to Naples for the third-place play-off.

For the Dutch nothing would go right. Both Rene Van Der Kerkhof and Dick Nanninga were crippled inside the first 15 minutes and Van Der Kerkhof was off the pitch and Holland down to ten men when the Czechs opened the scoring.

Twice, too, the Dutch hit the post and in the dying seconds had a 'goal' disallowed for offside. They couldn't have come any closer.

Haan did not, in fact, start the game. Ipswich's Frans Thijssen was in midfield and had a major role in all three of Holland's best first-half openings. After only five minutes he should have scored, but after being put clear by a one-two with Rene Van Der Kerkhof, he saw his shot strike the post and rebound into the arms of goalkeeper Jaroslav Netolicka.

In the 31st minute Thijssen became the creator and this time the luckless finisher was substitute Kees Kist, who saw his shot ricochet off Netolicka's legs.

The Dukla goalkeeper had regained his place only because of Stenislave Seman's swollen knee, but he justified his return again just before half-time, dropping to his knees to save from Nanninga after Thijssen's flick back.

By this time, however, the Czechs were in front, in the oddest and most unfortunate of circumstances for Holland.

They were in possession on the halfway line when referee Ok stopped play for Rene Van Der Kerkhof to receive treatment. As the Dutchman hobbled off, so Ok dropped the ball at Krol's feet without a Czech in sight — and as if staggered by this illegal generosity, Holland gave away both the ball and the first goal.

Marian Masny it was who provided Ladislav Vizek with the opportunity to wriggle past four defenders and lay a goal on a plate for Zdenek Nehoda.

The Czechs then held command until Thijssen forced his way back into the game, but what really galvanised the Dutch was Haan's appearance at the start of the second half in place of Nanninga.

They forced four corners in four minutes and saw their pressure rewarded in the 59th minute when Krol pushed a free kick to his left for Kist to shoot low past Netolicka's left hand from just outside the penalty box.

Five minutes later Thijssen put Haan in at an angle from the left, but his shot came back off the post and suddenly the anxious Dutch began to lose their cool.

Kist kicked Rostislav Vojacek on the ground, Rep and Haan were booked for fouls and Rep was lucky not to be sent off after a running fight with Czech defender Koloman Gogh under the gaze of a benign linesman behind the referee's back.

With three minutes to go Michel Van Der Korput headed what he thought was the winner. But referee Ok had already whistled for offside.

Soon afterwards came the final whistle. The Czechs waved to the crowd, Rep and Gogh apologised and swapped jerseys . . . it was the end of an era.

Greece 0 West Germany 0

TURIN'S last match of the European Championship died precisely one hour before the kick-off. Czechoslovakia's draw with Holland over in Milan gave the Germans their third successive final place regardless of the result against the Greeks.

Germany left out Schuster, Dietz and Allofs to avoid the risk of a second booking, an automatic suspension from the final, and clearly looked forward to an evening stroll.

For reshaped Greece, however, it was the chance of a last, glorious fling and they subjected their illustrious opponents to considerable discomfort.

Germany were spared total embarrassment by the width of a post, Ardizoglou's fierce, diagonal shot beating Schumacher but rebounding to safety.

The same player was a constant torment for the Germans and with a little more guile could be an outstanding performer.

Like a number of others in the Greek squad, he has skill and ambition, qualities which will always win the gallery.

Not for the first time in this tournament, the Greeks were let down by poor finishing, but then the Germans also wasted good opportunities.

Hrubesch and Rummenigge headed off target from perfectly placed crosses and then, after Stielike's clever through ball Gad beat the offside trap, Rummenigge's lob drifted beyond the far post.

Yet a win for Germany would have been an injustice and the Greeks emerged as moral victors.

Their manager, Altekas Panagulias, said: "We haven't taken our chances and we haven't been lucky during this tournament. We also hit the bar against Holland.

"But I am working for the future and this is a good starting point. We have seen three or four new players who must now be among the best in Greece."

England 2, Spain 1

A WIN at last for England, but by too few goals and as it turned out a few hours later too late to make any difference.

Italy's draw with Belgium meant that England would finish third in the group, with Spain bottom — and spared everyone the fearful mathematics complexities threatened by a comparison of goal differences if England finished equal on points with Belgium or Italy in the reluctant race for the third place play-off.

● Continued overleaf

European championship

by Keir Radnedge and Derick Allsop

● Continued from page 9

England might have scored more had it not been for Spanish goalkeeper Luis Maria Arconada. Yet it was the Spaniards who went home complaining about bad luck, and Bilbano striker Dani in particular.

Appearing as a second-half substitute for Juanito, Dani first equalised with a penalty after Clemence was judged to have brought down Zamora, then stepped up for a second spot kick after Watson tripped Saura.

Dani put the kick away, but referee Erich Linemayr said he had hesitated in his run-up and ordered a retake. This time Clemence leaped to his right to save — much to the annoyance of the Spaniards, who claimed Dani had taken both penalties in exactly the same manner.

Penalty

"If there was nothing wrong with the first penalty, there could have been nothing wrong with the second," said Santillana, who had taken over both at centre-forward from the injured Satrustegui and as captain from the injured Asens.

It was Santillana who had wasted Spain's best first-half chance after remarkably twice beating Watson in the air then blasting hastily wide. That was after 29 minutes, but already England were in front.

In the 18th minute a Keegan cross had been knocked back across the goal area by Ray Wilkins and Trevor Brooking put the ball past Arconada from close range.

Woodcock hits the winner for England

Though Spain weren't playing well they were still finding holes in the England defence, deserved their 48th minute equaliser from Dani's first penalty, and might then have gone ahead with Dani's second spot-kick six mintues later.

After this flurry however, England recovered to find the winner in the 62nd minute, McDermott volleyed in a Brooking corner from the right, and when Arconada flung himself across to stop the ball, Woodcock was on hand to ram home the rebound.

Ten minutes later Dani scored what Spain thought was the equaliser, only for Saura to be ruled offside, and in the 82nd minute Rafael Gordillo headed against the bar. If either of those opportunites had proved positive, Spain would have thanked Arconada more than any other player.

In the 75th minute, in one of the most outstanding pieces of goalkeeping seen in any top-level tournament, Arcanada's unbelievable acrobatics defied McDermott, Hoddle, Keegan and Woodcock all in rapid-fire succession.

TWO POINTS PROVES BEYOND ITALIANS

ITALY 0 BELGIUM 0

ITALY found themselves needing to win against Belgium to join West Germany in the final but the task proved too much.

The cynical Italians found the Belgians prepared and able to dish out some of their own medicine and the lack-lustre home side had no answer.

In fact Belgium often looked the more likely to score as the Italians were drawn forward leaving gaps at the back. Had Francois van der Elst lived up to his reputation he might have settled the issue before the end but if the quality of the football was ordinary the atmosphere was electric.

Confidence

Italy, so good at playing for a point, couldn't adapt to go for a win and lacked the imagination and general creativity to unsettle a Belgium side which grew in confidence and was never intimidated even in a rough house first half.

During the opening 45 minutes what should have been a superb advertisement for international football was nothing less than a bad tempered brawl and must have persuaded millions of viewers around the world to switch off their television sets.

Tony Woodcock in action for England against Spain.

MATCH DETAILS

June 11

CZECHOSLOVAKIA (0) 0
WEST GERMANY (0) 1 Rummenigge
in Rome. 15,000. Ref.: A. Michelotti (Italy).

Czechoslovakia: Netolicka; Barmos, Jurkemik, Ondrus, Goegh, Stambacher, Kozek, Panenka, Gajdusek (Masny), Vizek, Nehoda.

West Germany: Schumacher; Briegel, Cullmann, Foerster K. H., Dietz, Kaltz, Foerster, B. (Magath), Rummenigge, Stielike, Mueller, Allofs.

GREECE (0) 0 HOLLAND (0) 1 Kist (pen.).
in Naples. 10,000.
Ref.: A. Prokop (East Germany).

Greece: Konstantinou; Kirastas, Iosfidis, Kapsis, Piros, Livathinos, Terzanides, Kouis, Ardizoglou (Anastopoulos), Kostikos (Galakos), Mavros.

Holland: Schrijvers (Doesburg); Wijnstekers, Van Der Korput, Hovenkamp, Krol, Van Der Kerkhof R., Van Der Kerkhof W., Kist, Haan, Stevens, Vreijsen (Nanninga).

June 14

WEST GERMANY (1) 3 Allofs 3.
HOLLAND (0) 2 Rep (pen.), Van Der Kerkhof (W.).
in Naples. 50,000. Ref.: ER. Wurtz (France).

West Germany: Schumacher; Kaltz; Briegel, Foerster K-H., Dietz (Matthaeus), Mueller (Magath), Stielike, Rummenigge, Hrubesch, Allofs.

Holland: Schrivjers; Wijnstekers, Van der Korput, Krol, Hovenkamp (Nanninga), Van Der Kerkhof W., Stevens, Haan, Van Der Kerkhof R., Kist (Thijssen), Rep.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA (2) 3 Panenka, Vizek, Nehoda.
GREECE (1) 1 Anastopoulos.
Ref.: P. Partridge (England).

Czechoslovakia: Seman; Barmos, Jurkemik, Ondrus, Goegh, Kozak, Panenka, Maszny, Nehoda (Gajdusek), Vizek, Berger (Licka).

Greece: Konstantinou; Kirastasm Iosifidiis, Kapsis, Piros, Livanthinos, Terzanides (Galakos), Kouis, Anastopoulos, Kostikos (Xanthopolouos), Mavros.

June 17

CZECHOSLOVAKIA (1) 1 Nehoda
HOLLAND (0) 1 KIST
in Milan. 11,889. Ref.: Hilmi Ok (Turkey).

Czechoslovakia: Netolicka; Barmos, Jurkemik, Ondrus, Geogh, Kozak, Panenka (Stambacher), Vizek, Nehoda, Masny (Licka), Vijacek.

Holland: Schrijvers; Wijnstekers, Van der Korput, Hovenkamp, Krol, Poortvliet, Van Der Kerkhof, R. (Kist), Van Der Kerkhof, W., Rep, Nanninga (Haan), Thijssen.

WEST GERMANY (0) 0
GREECE (0) 0
in Turin. 13,901. Ref.: B. McGinlay (Scotland).

West Germany: Schumacher; Briegel, Cullmann, Foerster, K-H, Foerster, B. (Votava), Rummenigge (Del Haye), Hrubesch, Mueller, Memering, Stielike, Kaltz.

Grece: Poupakis; Gounaris, Xanthopoulos, Ravoussis, Pantellis, Kouis, Nicolaides (Koudas), Mavros (Kostikos), Livathinos, Galakos, Ardizoglou.

June 12

BELGIUM (1) 1 Ceulemans
ENGLAND (1) 1 Wilkins
in Turin. 7,000
Ref.: H. Aldinger (West Germany).

Belgium: Pfaff; Gerets, Millecamps, Meeuws, Renquin, Cools, Van der Eycken, Van Moer (Mommens), Van der Elst, Van den Bergh, Ceulemans.

England: Clemence; Neal, Thompson, Watson, Sansom, Coppell (McDermott), Wilkins, Brooking, Keegan, Johnson (Kennedy), Woodcock.

SPAIN (0) 0
ITALY (0) 0
in Milan. 55,000.
Ref.: k. Palotai (Hungary).

Spain: Arconada; Alesanco, Migueli, Asensi, Dani (Juanito), Quini, Gordillo, Satrustegui, Saura, Tendillo, Zamora.

Italy: Zoff; Gentile, Cabrini (Benetti), Oriali, Collovati, Scirea, Causio, Tardelli, Graziani, Antognoni, Bettega.

June 15

SPAIN (1) 1 Quini
BELGIUM (1) 2 Gerets, Cools
in Milan. 11,000.
Ref.: C. Corver, (Holland).

Spain: Arconado; Tendillo (Carrasco), Migueli, Alesanco, Gordillo, Zamora, Saura, Asensi (Del Bosque), Juanito, Quini, Satrustegui.

Belgium: Pfaff; Gerets, Millecamps, Meeuws, Renquin, Cools, Van der Eycken, Van Moer (Mommens), Van Der Elst, Van Den Bergh (Verheyen), Ceulemans.

ITALY (0) 1 Tardelli
ENGLAND (0) 0
in Turin. 59,649.
Ref.: N. Rainea (Romania).

Italy: Zoff; Gentile, Oriali, Benetti, Collovatio, Scirea, Causio, Tardelli, Graziani, Antognoni, Bettega.

England: Shilton; Neal, Thompson, Watson, Sansom, Coppell, Wilkins, Keegan, Kennedy, Birtles (Mariner), Woodcock.

June 18

SPAIN (0) 1 Dani (pen.)
ENGLAND (1) 2 Brooking, Woodcock
in Naples. 14,440.
Ref.: E. Linemayr (Austria7.

Spain: Arconada; Alesanco, Uria, Cardenosa (Dani), Juanito (Carrasco), Gordillo, Olmo, Santillana, Saura, Cundi, Zamora.

England: Clemence; Anderson (Cherry), Thompson, Wason, Mills, Hoddle (Mariner), McDermott, Wilkins, Brooking, Keegan, Woodcock.

ITALY (0) 0
BELGIUM (0) 0
in Rome. 69,000.
Ref.: A. Garrido (Portugal).

Italy: Zoff; Gentile, Oriali (Altobelli), Benetti, Collovati, Scirea, Causio, Tardelli, Graziani, Antognoni (Baresi), Bettega.

Belgium: Pfaff; Gerets, Millecamps, Meeuws, Renquin, Cools, Van der Eycken, Van Moer (Verheyen), Mommens (Van den Bergh), Van der Elst, Ceulemans.

WITH Taranto and Palermo cleared of involvement in the bribery scandal on the day the finals began, the final score in the Italian Federation's inquiry was:

Milano relegated; Avellino minus 5 pts; Lazio £5,000 fine; Perugia minus 5 pts.; Colombo (Milan president) Life ban; Albertosi (Milan) Life ban; Cacciatori (Lazio) Life ban; Pellegrini S. (Avellino) bans of 5 yrs., 6 matches, and 6 months; Della Martia (Perugia) 5-year ban; Rossi (Perugia) 3-year ban; Zecchini (Perugia) 3-year ban; Giordano (Lazio) ban to end 1981; Manfredonia (Lazio) ban to end 1981; Morini (Milan) ban to end March 1981; Montesi (Lazio) ban to end September 1980; Damiani (Napoli) ban to end September 23, 1980; Savoldi (Bologna) ban 3 years 6 months; Peetrini (Bologna) ban 3 years 6 months; Coloma (Bologna) 3-month ban; Chiodi (Milan) 6-month ban; Fabbretti (Bologna president) year's ban; Bologna minus 5 pts.; Cordova (Avellino) ban to end June 1981; Merlo (Lecce) 18-month ban; Magherini (Palermo) 18-month ban; Massimelli (Taranto) year's ban.

★ ★ ★

OFFSTAGE: There was little activity on the domestic scene.

Ilario Castagner had quit Perugia to take over Lazio and persuaded the directors that they were all wrong to try for Holland's Kees Kist. Go for Milan's Walter Novellino and the Austrian, Hans Krankl, was his advice.

Down the coast, Napoli had signed Rino Marchesi as boss. Marchesi did well last season taking Avellino into the UEFA Cup. The prize of leading them into Europe now going to Luis Vinicio, job-hunting after his dismissal by . . . Napoli.

On the player front Juventus, toying on the one hand with Johnny Rep, were now in belated, but hot pursuit of Argentina's wonder boy, Diego Maradona.

"I've given my word to Barcelona," said Maradona, when Juve president Giampiero Boniperti flew to Buenos Aires for talks. But Boniperti thought his proposition to borrow Maradona until 1981, return him to Argentina for the World Cup then sign him permanently might swing the deal.

How about Enzo Bearzot's European XI? Clemence, Kaltz, Watson, Krol, Gerets, Staambachr, Wilkins, H. Muller, Keegan, Nehoda, Rummenigge.

Bearzot made his choice before the final and chose not to pick any Italians to avoid anyone getting the wrong end of the stick.

★ ★ ★

THE keenest fan was West German — 65-year-old Fritz Neumann of Frankfurt, who cycled the 850 miles down to Rome for the opening game.

GROUP ONE

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
West Germany	3	2	1	0	4	2	5
Czechoslovakia	3	1	1	1	4	3	3
Holland	3	1	1	1	4	4	3
Greece	3	0	1	2	1	4	1

GROUP TWO

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Belgium	3	1	2	0	3	2	4
Italy	3	1	2	0	1	0	4
England	3	1	1	1	3	3	3
Spain	3	0	1	2	2	4	1

CUBILLAS IS THE MAN TO WATCH

by Eric Weil

Forty-year-old Luis Cubillas is a man to be watched — may be no longer on the field for his dribbling up the wing which used to mesmerise opposing defences, but as a manager-coach.

The former Uruguayan international, who also used to play for River Plate in Argentina, now manages Newell's Old Boys, the Rosario team who are in the not very accustomed position — for them — at the top of the Argentine first division table in their first season under him. Cubillas is also the man who last year — also in his first and only season with them — took a Paraguayan club to Libertadores Cup victory for the first time after even the Paraguayans said it couldn't be done. The club was Olimpia which, under him, also retained the Paraguayan championship and then also took the Inter-continental Cup by beating European Cup finalists Malmoe of Sweden.

Newell's are virtually unchanged from last season when they missed the first division championship play-off by one point but did not particularly impress, adding only Piazza (ex-Olimpia) and Acosta (Bella Vista of Uruguay), both Uruguayans, to their staff.

They have three current internationals in World Cup midfielder Gallego, defender Simon and winger Santamaria, but their squad is certainly not as strong as those of Talleres Cordoba and River Plate who were one and two points behind respectively as the tournament went into a three-week recess during the absence of the national team in Europe. Newell's have however so far shown better team work and particularly stand out for their "pressing" all over the field, giving their rivals as little room as possible and attacking with fast rushes to create surprise.

Talleres, the strong provincial club incorporated into the first division this season, have played a match more and although they have not really shown their potential yet and generally with more of the ball have not been very effective, their star-studded line-up has played some good attacking soccer and they are unbeaten in six matches.

River Plate fielded complete reserve teams in two matches running while engaged in the final stages of their Libertadores Cup group and yet gained three points from them with two exciting newcomers on show — big and strong centre-forward Gordeon and intelligent midfielder Tapis. Both made their presence felt and scored, but they will still have a job getting into a 31-player professional squad which is already riddled with internal jealousy.

When the first team came back — after elimination from the cup — for the next match, they lost 2-0 at home to Argentinos Juniors who had been winless in five games. But it was Maradona who did the damage, scoring both goals after earlier having a penalty saved. In fact the match turned into a duel between him and goalkeeper Fillol. After Fillol saved the penalty — his 23rd save — Maradona foxed him with a curling free-kick and later dribbled round the goalkeeper for his second goal.

But defending champions River Plate should now and again be serious challengers after their elimination from the Libertadores Cup, although there is already talk of an early clear-out because 31 pros — all with first division experience and pretensions — is too much for just one competition. Meanwhile Newell's Old Boys made hard work of just drawing their last two games, both at home, specially against lowly San Lorenzo who continue to play poor soccer but, fighting hard to get away from the foot of the table, are unbeaten in their last seven games — four of them away.

Ricardo Alonso scores Racing Club's winner from a penalty in the Argentine first division match in which they beat Platense 2-1.

Two players of bottom All Boys — Iervassi and Brailowsky — were charged with taking drugs by opponents Argentinos Juniors after a recent match, taken to the police station but allowed to leave two hours later without having submitted to tests. The Argentine FA announces that compulsory drug tests on players picked at random will begin when the championship resumes. A sports law, soon to be implemented, allows for prison terms of up to 10 years for offenders.

Boca Juniors, who held the Libertadores Cup for two years before losing it in the final to Paraguay's Olimpia last year, continue in the doldrums only a point ahead of All Boys, but the break in the championship has given a chance to several of their many injured players — 10 first team squad men at one time — to recuperate. But their big hope was the return of leading scorer Mastrangelo who has not played this season. Unfortunately the player needed a second cartilege operation and is unlikely to play in the present championship. Three teams will be relegated this season and this makes Boca Juniors' position serious.

In Paraguay, meanwhile, champions Olimpia — virtually the same team which won the Libertadores and Inter-continental cups — have not won a match so far in the first division.

Left in the hands of Luis Cubilla's brother, Pedro, when the former moved to Newell's Old Boys in Argentina, Olimpia have gained only one point from the first four matches and are bottom of the 10-team table. They were due to start the defence of the Libertadores Cup on June 11 and in desperation tried to sign Argentine coach Juan Carlos Lorenzo — in charge of Boca Juniors until last season and with Racing Club this year — but without success.

Olimpia started the season without international striker Kiesse, transferred to Gremio Porto Alegre, Brazil, for 400,000 dollars in April while earlier Luis Cubillas had taken Miguel Piazza with him to Newell's. The expected mass exodus of star players from Paraguay following their South American championship success last year has not quite materialised, but apart from the departure of Kiesse and one of their most promising young internationals, Sportive Luqueno's Julio Cesar Romero to the New York Cosmos for 600,000 dollars, Cerro Portello's Roberto Cabanas is now following in the latter's footsteps for a reported 800,000 dollars.

ELSEWHERE . . . .

In Venezuela, Atletico Zamora won the Venezuela Cup — their first ever success — in two rough final matches in which they drew 1-1 in Valencia (where two players of each team were sent off) and beat their rivals 2-0 in their home town of Barinas.

The two clubs had won their respective groups of the cup tournament which is played before the start of the league championship.

Meanwhile league champions Tachira, who finished five points behind Valencia in group 2 and lost all their six Libertadores Cup matches, made radical team changes for the league championship, clearing out or transferring six Uruguayans, including last year's leading championship scorer Omar Ferrari, while announcing the signing of two Brazilians from Gremio Porto Alegre — Eduardo Guillo and Marco Antonio Mosso.

•In Peru, the championship finally started in the usual way after all the argument about travelling costs and reorganisation in groups to separate the provincial and Lima clubs . . . and provincial Atletico Torino, who had to fight against relegation last season, top the table unbeaten after five matches, while the two other unbeaten clubs are champions Sporting Cristal and popular Universitario who topped last season's championship before the playoffs.

But in the Sporting Cristal-Universitario classic the former just managed to make it 2-2 in the last minute which keeps them a point from the top while Universitario, with only one win and four draws, are a further two points back.

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HUNGARY

by Leslie Vernon

Reserve team football is scrapped . . .

YET ANOTHER 'crisis' in Hungarian football — non-qualification for the Olympic Games — resulted in still more reforms intended to improve the standards.

Their equivalent of the Ministry of Sport in co-operation with the F.A. hierarchy, have announced a number of measures which will come into operation next season. The scrapping of reserve team football and greater emphasis on youth competitions are perhaps the most important changes.

In fact, clubs will be allowed to hang-on to only 20 of their players, the rest must go. If they wish to sign a newcomer, somebody else has to leave!

The thinking behind this move is that the clubs have habitually signed too many players (partly to prevent them going to the opposition), they have languished for years in the reserves, and have had no opportunity to develop their full potential.

Now that the First Division outfits will be forced to release a great number of players, there will be an influx of talent into the lower divisions, where the standard of football is bound to improve.

Murky

The method of "rewarding the players" is also changed, but this is such a murky area in amateur football (!), that no one ever spells out what has been the system in the past, and what is going to happen in the future.

Frankly, I don't see anything revolutionary in the proposals, and in any case, the Hungarians are bound to change them before their effects can be properly assessed.

A more immediate change took place, however, in the national team manager's chair. Dr. Karoly Lakat has been unseated, and Kalman Meszoly was asked to take over the team for the two remaining matches before the summer break.

He selected a fairly new team against Scotland in the 4-4-2 formation. Meszaros; Paroczai, Balint, Garaba, J. Toth; Pasztor, Kereki, Nyilasi, Csongradi; Torocsik, Kiss. Later Szanto and Eszterhazy came on as substitutes for Paroczai and Kiss, respectively.

Scotland arrived from Poznan with a heap of injury problems, and poor Jock Stein had to field, once again, a side which can be charitably described as "experimental": Brazil and Archibald formed the spearhead in the first-half, and when Strachan came on for Brazil in the second period, the "tired" Dalglish went into the attack.

Hungary started well, and in the sixth minute, Csongradi from the left, sent a ball over to Torocsik, who beat a full-back and scored — 1-0. Two minutes later, the Tottenham forward, Archibald, shot past Meszaros, but Poroczai saved on the line.

In the 69th minute, Torocsik scored again, taking advantage of the hesitancy of Rough — 2-0. Archibald made it 2-1 after a Gemmill corner, then Nyilasi headed the ball against an upright, and Kereki netted the rebound — 3-1!

Ashamed

An easy enough victory, and it was good to see Torocsik back at his best (even Jock Stein was impressed by him), Nyilasi approaching his best, and the whole team playing with zest and determination.

Nevertheless, they didn't have a very good Press, and Meszoly was justifiably annoyed. "We have seen the English Cup Final, the Recopa Final, and the European Cup Final on TV", he said, "and I don't think we have anything to be ashamed of, if we make a comparison with those games. I am pleased that everybody followed my tactical instructions, and that the team played with discipline and enthusiasm."

Jock Stein, as only to be expected, was full of complaints after the match. He blamed the defeat on the absence of such players as Burns, Robertson, Souness, Jordan and Andy Gray. He wasn't very happy with the referee either, claiming a penalty for a foul on Dalglish.

Three days later, Hungary lined-up with the same team against Austria, and this game was also played in the Nepstadion. The result was 1-1 (Kiss — Jara) and the Magyars played even better than they did against Scotland, but this time the opposition was stronger, determined to wipe out the memory of that 5-1 thrashing v. Argentina.

The Hungarians haven't got a Maradona, but "three points" from these two home fixtures was a satisfactory haul, and it seems likely that Meszoly will be offered the job permanently.

The title went to Honved, unbeaten during the spring campaign so far, and the most consistent team in the league.

Their last two crucial games were against Ferencvaros at the Nep, and Zalaegerszeg away. The Fradi game was an excellent one, marred only by an early injury to Pal, whose place was taken by Lukacs. Honved scored the first two goals, through an own goal by Takacs, and Paroczai. Nyilasi made the score 2-1 in the 44th minute, and Pusztai equalised in the 56th — 2-2!

That was the last 'derby' match for Zoltan Friedmanszky in a managerial capacity for Ferencvaros — the job will be taken over by their ex-player Dezso Novak, who is now in charge of Dunaujvaros. Honved beat Zalaegerszeg 2-1, with goals by Garaba and Eszterhazy, and at the time of writing, their championship seems safe.

Represent

Videoton will probably finish second, and there is a race for the UEFA Cup place between Dozsa and Vasas. Diosgyor won the Hungarian Cup, beating Vasas 3-1 in a neutral town, Veszprem. The Final was an exciting match, and the provincials fully deserved their triumph and the right to represent Hungary in next season's Cup Winners' Cup.

The relegated trio will be Salgotarjan, MAV Elore and Pecsi VSK, and their places will be taken by the three regional Division 2 champs — Nyiregyhaza, Kaposvar and Csepel. The party is not quite over yet, but as you see, there aren't many question marks left.

It has been a season of stagnation — a luxury the Hungarians can ill afford in view of the forthcoming World Cup tussles.

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by Arthur Rotmil

Miljanic brings success to Yugoslavia

Zlato Kranjcar, captain of FC Dinamo from Zagreb, with the Yugoslavian Cup.

THE National side with currently the best record in Europe did not take part in the European Championship finals. And that was a crying shame for Yugoslavia, very much the in-form team who have won their last ten internationals on the trot!

In addition, the B-team, or as they call it the "Mediterranean Team" was just as successful. This representative side played five matches in the VII Mediterranean Games tournament which was held in Split last autumn and won the gold medal.

The Yugoslav Olympic team played just two matches beating Turkey at home 3-0, but losing in Rome v. Italy 0-1. The Under-18 team, won the UEFA Youth tournament in Austria and also the II Balkan Cup in Bulgaria. And the Under-16 team won the 1st Balkan Cup.

When recalling that Red Star Belgrade reached the final of the UEFA-Cup (1978-79) and that Celik Zenica top the table in the Mitropa Cup, needing just two points from two matches to triumph for the third time, it is no exaggeration to say that the past 12 months have been the most successful in the whole history of Yugoslav football.

The turning point for the full national side came in November 1978, when they beat Greece by 4-1. There followed nine consecutive victories v. Cyprus 3-0 (a) EC; v. Italy 4-1 (h); v. Argentina 4-2 (h); v. Spain 1-0 (h) EC; Rumania 2-1 (h); Cyprus 5-0 (h) EC; Uruguay 2-1 (h); Rumania 2-0 (h) EC; v. Poland 2-1 (h).

For these successes the greatest credit goes to their famous coach Miljan Miljanic who took over the national squad amid controversy and opposition. Yugoslavia is a complex state comprising different races, religions, languages and nationalities.

Dark-haired

Miljanic left the country to coach Real Madrid and this was not received too well in many quarters. But now that the team is rushing from one victory to another, all is forgiven and the dark-haired, chunky Miljanic is again a hero. In a special interview Yugoslavia's national team chief answered some poignant questions which throw a light on his successful run and plans for the future.

Question: "In the years before your arrival the national team suffered a string of bad results. When you came, it did not lose another game. How did you manage that?"

Answer: "Three factors played a decisive role. First the careful build up programme, then the right choice of players and finally luck without which no one can be successful. But despite the marvellous record I am still not satisfied with the way my team is playing. Their style must be improved."

Question: "How did you go about choosing the players? Were there enough first-class footballers to form a strong team?"

Answer: "We have to put up with the specific circumstances which exist in our country. The players come and go — abroad. At the moment there are 26 internationals, or men who would be candidates for selection playing for foreign clubs. Furthermore, there is the army service where currently ten of our internationals are engaged. Name me one other country which could overcome such handicaps.

"Out of these details it is obvious that between two World Cups we lose as a rule two to three complete national teams. The loss of top players led to our failure to qualify for either the last World Cup, or the European Championship. Such a poor record has lowered the image of Yugoslav football abroad.

"In the rating lists our country was ranked in the past five years in places between 23 and 27. That is why I decided to build a totally new team. I called up different representative teams as a basis for the full A-team. I am using one for the Mediterranean Games, one for the Olympics, an Under-21 side and also youth and junior teams at three different levels.

"The successes of these selections in various competitions produced a firm basis for the selection of the full national team."

Question: "Have many players progressed from these representative teams to the full side?"

Answer: "All told 37 players who were first tried out in the lower level teams have made the breakthrough. We have to thank them for boosting our morale recently."

Question: "One would think that after a series of ten games without defeat the team is ready, but you apparently disagreed."

Answer: "That's true, we have been successful, but not yet a complete team. And time marches on. In July we want to win an Olympic gold medal in Moscow. In September our World Cup qualifying campaign starts with a game v. Luxembourg. Thus it is impossible to allow the candidates a summer break. I have discussed this problem with the players and they have voluntarily given up their holidays."

Question: "How does your team now rank in Europe?"

Answer: "One cannot rate a team on account of friendly matches. One has to wait for the big competition like the World Cup or European Championships."

Question: "What can you say about the status of European football in general?"

Answer: "There is now a new period in the development of European football. And a tendency towards a levelling upwards. Most of the national teams have achieved a similar standard, so that there are no longer clear favourites but also hardly any outsiders. One sees only rarely matches with a clear defensive style and that I think is a very positive factor."

Question: "Where is European soccer in relation to the South American?"

Answer: "Football-wise these are two different worlds. Both these continents went their own way, but meanwhile one can detect a certain similarity in development of new methods. I believe that this trend will continue to the benefit of football in general."

Questions: "Have you found in recent years something completely new in football?"

Answer: "Big or surprising changes have not occurred, but nevertheless a multitude of little corrections or innovations which have not made any headlines. But these have certainly been instrumental in bringing much-needed improvements in world football standards."

Finally, Miljanic disclosed that he rejected a Barcelona offer to remain in Yugoslavia.

DI STEFANO SAVE DAY F

Player Portrait

CARLOS PEREIRA

by Keir Radnedge

CARLOS PEREIRA, Valencia's goalkeeping hero in their Cup Winners' Cup defeat of Arsenal, has let the cat out of the bag.

Or, at least, the secret of intuition which saw him stop penalties from Liam Brady and finally Graham Rix to bring the Spanish club their 5-4 spot-kick victory after the goalless drama at the Heysel stadium in Brussels.

After taking much of the credit on the night for winning the trophy, and being carried on his team-mates' shoulders at the end to salute their fans, Pereira has revealed that the vital decisions for his saves were taken by . . . coach Alfredo Di Stefano.

"I've got to admit it," said the bearded 26-year-old. "I owe so much to Di Stefano for those saves. Before the penalties contest we talked about what I should do. I knew I had to be decisive at each penalty — to know in advance which way to dive, otherwise I might as well not be there.

"At least I might save one or two because the kicker might put it the way I'd decided.

"Di Stefano told me that for the right-footed kickers of Arsenal I should move to my right, and for the left-footed players, to the left. As it happened both Brady and Rix took their penalties left-footed and I was able to save both to my left — just as Di Stefano said."

In fact, when I spoke to Pereira, the Heysel hero wasn't quite certain whether, despite his decisive role in Brussels, he would still be playing for the club next season. His contract was about to expire and he wasn't too happy with the standard 10 per cent increase the club had proposed.

Arsenal players would well agree he deserves more, particularly bearing in mind his brilliant reflex stop from Alan Sunderland late in the second half. If it hadn't been for the bounding Pereira Valencia wouldn't have got to extra time, let alone to penalties.

Overnight Carlos Santiago Pereira turned himself from a football nobody into an international star.

So who is he, where does he come from?

"I was born on September 9, 1952, in a village called Marin, near Pontevedra. That's a town roughly halfway between the Portuguese border and Coruna, which is in Spain's top left-hand corner. I suppose football ran in the family. My elder brother Jose also played and was also a goalkeeper. One or two people might remember him. He was nicknamed Sanson. He played for Gran Pena then had a season with Real Madrid, was put on loan to their second division team — Plus Ultra they were called then, though it's Castilla nowadays — and went on to play for Levante, Salamanca and Mallorca."

How did you start playing?

"When I was a kid I went to school in Vigo, but I joined the youth sections of Pontevedra. I played for a junior team as well called Rapido de Pereiro and then Pontevedra got me on their books as an amateur, then professional."

Were you always a goalkeeper?

"Yes. It was my brother's example, I suppose. From as far back as I can remember I've been in goal. At school nobody else wanted to go in goal — it seemed natural for me to want to do so. I've never wanted to be anything else — though when I was in my teens I liked athletics. I was a 400 metres sprinter, but I think my physique was wrong. I preferred football, in any case. But when I was on my national service I ran in the military championships and did some reasonable times."

And then you returned to Pontevedra . . . ?

"Yes, but not for long. Six years ago was when Valencia came along with an offer. It was a big decision. I'd never really been away from home — apart from the army — and I'd never imagined settling away from Galicia. But the chance was too good to turn down, of course, and I've never regretted moving — even though it has been far from plain sailing."

In what way?

"When I signed, Di Stefano had just left for the first time, the team who had won the 1971 championship were breaking up and there was a lot of uncertainty inside the club. They'd signed the Yugoslav Milovan Ciric — one of the Slavs' World Cup coaches — to take over the team. But things didn't work out. He lasted about 18 months and then his assistant, another Yugoslav, Dragoslav Milosevic, had a chance. He was a bit of a failure, too."

How did you manage to survive?

"Because despite all the upsets and troubles I concentrated on getting on with my job. I was in and out of the team — Valencia bought one goalkeeper after another — but I tried not to let it upset me. I didn't get myself into some of the scrapes a few of the other players did and hoped that everything would work out."

Were you never tempted to leave?

"I did wonder about it. Particularly after Marcel Domingo dropped me in 1978. He said he did so because Kubala had named my colleague Fernando Manzanedo in the national squad. But why should any manager let an outsider make his judgments and team selections for him? I know Manzanedo had been one of the players Domingo brought with him from Burgos, but it was ridiculous. And in fact I nearly went to Celta de Vigo. They proposed a swap between me and their goalkeeper, Carlos Fenoy, who'd had a fabulous season. But Celta wanted Valencia

Rainer Bonhof scores from the penalty spot for Valencia against Arsenal.

HELPS TO OR VALENCIA

to put some cash into the deal too, and it fell through."

What was the turning point for you?

"There were two — in the same season, 1978-79. The first was the appointment of Heriberto Herrera as coach. I know his methods, his rules and regulations, his fitness and training demands upset some of the other players, but he gave me a lot of confidence back. Then in February last year we went to play Barcelona.

"The ground was packed for the game. Great atmosphere. I just wished I was playing instead of sitting on the substitutes' bench. Mario (Kempes) put us ahead after 10 minutes, Asensi equalised almost immediately and then the referee Sanchez Arminio, awarded them a penalty.

Asensi had gone into the box and fell when Ricardo Arias tackled Manzanedo, who was our goalkeeper, thought it was a stupid decision. But of course when he told the referee all he got was a yellow card. He lost his temper and when Krankl placed the ball to take the penalty, Manzenedo turned his back on him and stood on the goal-line facing the crowd!

"The referee thought that was showing dissent again, and so he sent Manzanedo off — while Krankl was still waiting to take the penalty. Of course, that held up the game even more. Domingo wanted me to go out in goal so he had then to bring off Dario Felman and send me on as substitute so I could go into goal. It was unbelievable.

"Of course, when Krankl came to take the kick I had been so busy getting my track suit off and getting into place that I wasn't nervous at all, but he had probably had more than enough. He shot it almost straight at me and though I couldn't get my hands down, I stuck out a leg and deflected the ball for a corner."

And you stayed in from then on?

"No, Manzanedo came back after his suspension and in fact he was our goalkeeper in the Cup Final when we beat Real Madrid. But I think my penalty save had persuaded people in the club that I was worth a longer run and when Di Stefano took over last summer he put me into the team."

Do you ever think you'll play for Spain?

"When I was a boy of course I did. But not now. If I'd been in the first team regularly a few years ago maybe I would have been given a chance by Kubala, but I don't kid myself — it's too late now. In Spain we have a strange mentality about footballers' ages. When someone gets to 30 they're counted almost as old-age pensioners. It's different in England, Scotland, Yugoslavia, Germany. You can go on playing as long as you're fit enough. Age has nothing to do with whether you should be playing or not. And certainly it's different for a goalkeeper. Look at players like Zoff, Carrizo and Yashin. They played up until 38 and beyond. Zoff is still playing. He's captain of Italy, even?"

Valencia Goalkeeper Pereira is chaired off by team-mates after the European Cup Winners Cup Final against Arsenal.

Tell us about Valencia's prospects?

"In the last few years we've done better in cups than in the league. In fact, the year I joined we'd been 12th in the league, which was our worst ever position. We certainly have an effect on our opponents in the cup competitions. After we beat Barcelona in the Cup Winners' Cup they sacked their coach (Rife) and last year, when we beat them in the Spanish Cup, they dismissed Lucien Muller! — Each time we seemed to react well to the big occasion.

"But in the league we had a lot of problems at the start of last season. Bonhof, Fabregat and Solsona were all injured and needed operations. Carrete was hurt as well. We didn't make the sort of start we wanted and people started calling us inconsistent. But I don't think that was fair."

'It was like being in a dream'

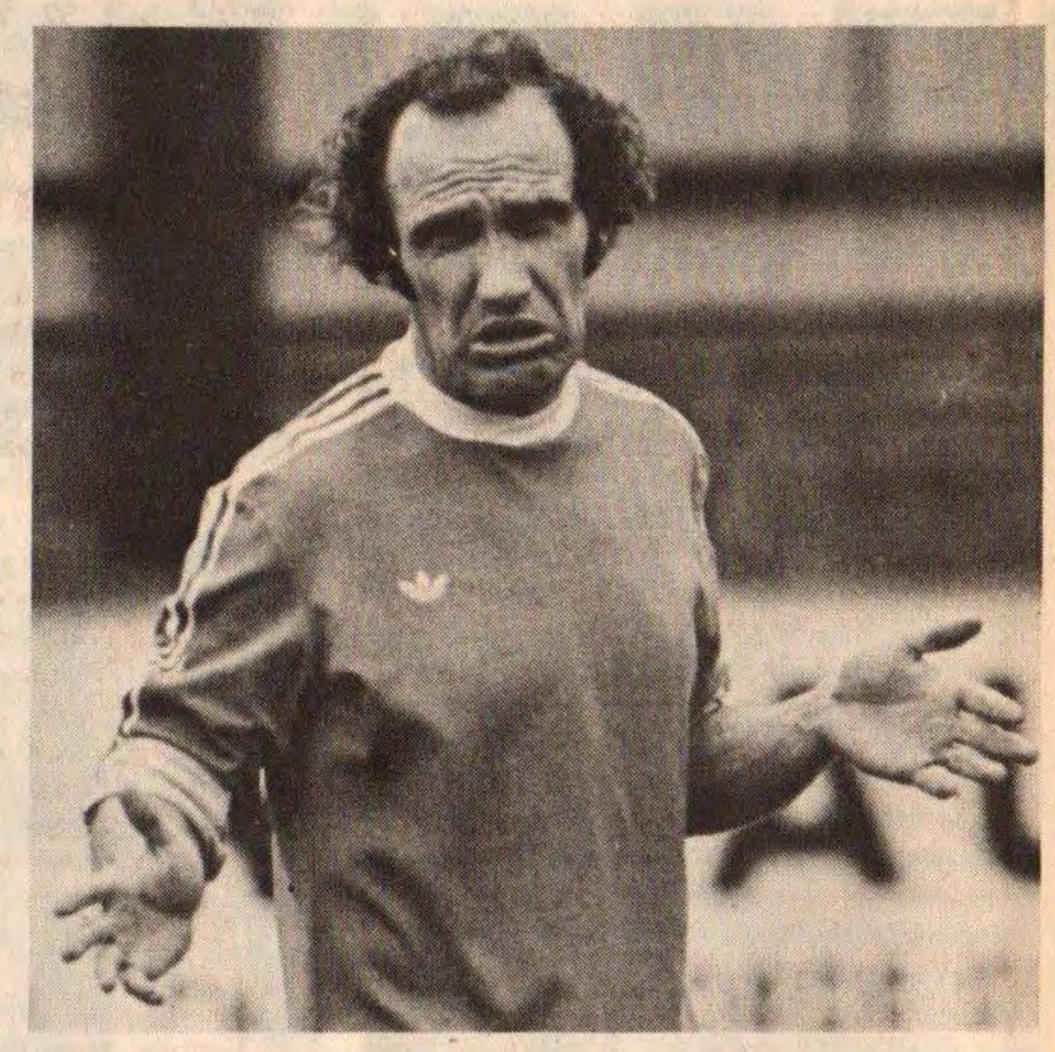
After all, you won the Cup Winners' Cup . . .

"We certainly did. It was like being in a dream, you know, after I saved Rix's penalty. Suddenly the boys had me on their shoulders. I couldn't believe it. After all, I only did what I was supposed to — with a little bit of help from Di Stefano."

BELGIUM

by Philip Smith

Waterschei win place in Europe



Wilfried Van Moer, one of Belgium's heroes in the European Championship.

NOT far from the back of beyond, and close to the Dutch and German borders, lies the little Limburg town of Waterschei. It's the sort of place that requires a tour of the state railway system to get there, but at least one European club will have to get their maps out as next season Waterschei Thor Genk will represent Belgium in the Cup Winners Cup. In a close and exciting cup final the favourites SK Beveren were defeated 2-1 by a Waterschei side determined to capture the trophy for the first time in their history.

The mere thought of such a victory would have been considered laughable following a disastrous start to the season which saw but a single point return from the first five games. The root cause of the trouble was the appointment as trainer of a little known Austrian, Adi Pinter, whose only reference had been supplied by Happel, a fellow countryman and distant relative to boot. Pinter proved to be little better than useless and in no time chasms had opened up within the club. There was no question that he had to go very quickly and sure enough he was soon despatched to the obscurity his efforts deserved.

Proving they were not entirely stupid, the men with the power decided on that much-maligned ex-Ajax trainer Cor Brom as the replacement. He was shrewd enough to realise that there was nothing wrong with the players providing there wasn't somebody putting salt in the tea and under his steady guidance a highly respectable seventh place was ultimately attained.

Top flight

As security in the league was being achieved the Cup gradually became a realistic proposition and as if by way of compensation for the early season traumas each victory was followed by a seemingly straightforward next round tie. In fact, Waterschei reached the final without meeting First Division opponents although Courtrai, who along with La Gantoise will return to the top flight next season, certainly gave them a tough battle in their two-legged semi-final.

In direct contrast, Beveren couldn't have had a harder route. After a scare in the first round, when Third Division club Seraing were only beaten after penalties, victories over Lokeren, Winterslag and Bruges resulted in a semi-final against a Standard Liege side desperate to make up for narrowly missing out in the league. The first leg was goalless, with Sigurvinsson missing a penalty. A costly error for the Icelander, as in the second leg at Liege Beveren were able to play their favoured defence and breakaway game, with a late goal from the German Albert clinching the tie.

The absence of a 'top club' mattered as far as the attendance was concerned, but in no way was the final an inferior affair. Beveren trainer Robert Goethals risked the fitness of skipper Janssens and Stevens but both players looked very sluggish and were substituted by the 60th minute, their contributions having been minimal. Even so, Beveren may have considered themselves unlucky to be a goal down at the interval, Pierre Janssen scoring with a low diving header.

Janssens departed at half-time and a minute after the restart Beveren were level, Albert converting a penalty from the well-used Heysel Stadium spot following a foul on Jaspers. With Cluytens creating havoc down the right flank a second goal looked on the cards but gradually Waterschei clawed themselves back into it and the match appeared to be heading for extra time.

The fact that it was not needed was due to a quite superb piece of play by Jos Heyligen, Waterschei captain, leading scorer and midfield general. In the 82nd minute, from a free kick just outside the penalty area, he bent the ball over the wall and into the top left hand corner of the net, leaving Pfaff rooted to his line. It was a goal worthy of winning any match, and drew an after match comment of supreme modesty from the Waterschei hero: "I shot with all my heart but the result astonished me. In a similar situation, I'd probably score with one out of fifty."

Heyligen's all-round performance was of the highest quality and was equalled only by his Swedish colleague Per Ohlsson, who despite having a thigh heavily strapped gave a display of wing play the like of which is not often seen nowadays. For a big man his skill and speed was amazing, and the regularity with which he reached the by-line made it such a waste that there was nobody on the end of his dangerous crosses. The rest of the team were solid rather than spectacular, goalkeeper Pudelko being the exception as he flung himself about like a man possessed.

Beveren's failure to give Albert adequate support was their main downfall, and with the Anderlecht bound Hofkens doing little to excite any Parc Astrid fans present, in the end it proved to be a well merited victory for the Limburg club.

The line-ups were:

Waterschei: Pudelko; Houben, Plessers, Lespoix, David; P. Janssen, Heyligen, R. Janssen; Swinnen, Grundel, Ohlsson.

SK Beveren: Pfaff; Jaspers, Buyl, Van Genechten, Baecke; Cluytens, Schonberger, Hofkens; Stevens (Truyens 53), Albert, Janssens (Weihrauch 46).

Threat

After the euphoria of three days of celebrations, the club began to look forward to next season. Brom has been offered a five-year contract as a reward for his efforts, a marked change from his days of constantly living under the threat of the axe at Ajax, but feels that a European campaign is coming a year too early.

Heyligen disagrees, stating that what Beveren can do, Waterschei can equal, no doubt casting his mind back two years ago when Beveren were in a similar situation and managed to reach the semi-final stage before being knocked out by eventual winners Barcelona. Brom's opinion seems the more realistic of the two, as at the moment his is only a team of average ability looking towards two or three individuals for inspiration. A place in the last eight would probably be considered a worthwhile venture, although surprise sides have emerged before and will doubtless do so again. Whether Waterschei Thor Genk are capable of being one remains to be seen.

Beveren took the defeat well but must have been bitterly disappointed. All their efforts had been channelled into the Cup as suspensions and injuries had ruined any chance of league success and their final league position gave them the ignominy of the lowest ever placing for the defending champions. Spare a thought, too, for Lierse, whose chance of European football next season vanished when Standard were eliminated from the Cup. Van den Bergh will just have to do better next season if the coveted European place is to be achieved.

The BRIAN GLANVILLE column

YOU begin to realise things are out of control when you pick up that anodyne publication, FIFA NEWS, and read about the Press arrangements for the so called Copa de Oro in Montevideo next December 30. Can it be true that 1,000 writers and 250 photographers mean to make the trip for this pathetic non-event, in a country whose national team, at present, is capable of little else but vigorously kicking its opponents? (Its recent European tour was a disgrace.)

Any lingering faith in FIFA must be extinguished by their ludicrous support for this ludicrous affair, whose genesis has been commercial on the one side, nationalistic on the other (the repressive Uruguayan Government, which has turned a pleasant democracy into a brutal hell hole, will no doubt be hoping for some kind of spin-off).

FIFA, under its egregious President Joao Havelange, has duly cheapened and extended the World Cup, which might just as well now be described as the World and his Wife Cup, so easy has it become for second rate competitors to qualify for a yawningly extended 1982 tournament. Artemio Franchi has said his piece and made known his opposition to what is going on, but the Gadarene Swine of European football have plunged willingly over the cliff, seduced by the prospect of easier qualification.

Historical

Italy themselves will now be going to the Copa de Oro, along with Holland, Argentina, West Germany and Brazil. Uruguay, the hosts, have none but an historical right to be competing with such teams. Their football over the past six years has become a byword for violence, negativity and ineptitude, as their best players flock eagerly abroad, leaving the thugs behind. Remember the poor devil of an Australian forward who was put out of the game for life in 1974 when a Uruguayan player gave him a karate chop? The best I can wish those participants in this far from golden Cup next winter is that they emerge physically intact.

* * *

Tony Pawson, who writes so vividly about the war in the North African desert in his engaging autobiography, RUNS AND CATCHES (Faber, £5.95) would doubtless find some of the action depressingly familiar.

Well known now as a sporting journalist, not to mention as a member of the England fishing team, he had the distinction of winning two Amateur Cup Final medals as outside-right for Pegasus, gaining England international caps, scoring the winning goal in a Christmas League match for Charlton at Spurs, and getting many runs for Kent. All this, labouring under the contemporary disadvantage of being a Winchester and Oxford man, one of the last surviving English gentlemen.

Of Pawson it might be said that he nothing common did nor mean; gross handicap in these egalitarian times, when Jack the Lout is as good as his master. One story which does not appear in these agreeable pages, but which I have always relished, is of how Jimmy Seed, the Charlton Athletic manager, asked him after the Spurs game what his expenses were, to hear, uncomprehending that they were — if I remember rightly — some ten shillings!

He gives a beguiling account of the game. Charlton, who had lost heavily at home to Spurs a few days earlier — it was Christmas, 1952 — and Pawson was brought into the side for the return; his professional football debut.

He was alarmed when Benny Fenton, then the captain of Charlton, told him in the dressing-room to kick his corners to the far post, as he had trouble on a dry day getting them to the near one; and this day was wet and muddy.

When he did take a corner, he slipped, miskicked the ball diagonally across the area, and as Tottenham's defence stood astonished, little Billy Kierna, Pawson's partner for the day, scored, to make it 1-2. Pawson settled down to a calmer game, set up the equaliser, and finally, when Alf Ramsey, no less, cleared off the line, he shut his eyes . . . and drove in the winning goal.

Decent

Some of his happiest days were spent with Pegasus, who treated him at the last with abominable shabbiness, asking him to play on tour for them, then ringing him up at one in the morning to tell him it had been decided not to use him. Even Pawson, the most self-effacing and decent of men, had had enough. He put down the telephone, sickened: "A bright window of my life was shuttered for good." No club run in such an inept, insensitive way could hope to survive, whatever its past achievements. The writing was on the wall; and it was to the wall that Pegasus, inevitably, went.

* * *

To the wall, too, should surely go the British International Championship, as it stands today. Once it was a splendid, thriving competition, in which such achievements as Wales' 4-1 win over England at Wrexham in May — albeit a much depleted England — were surprisingly commonplace. To stock it at the end of the season was to dig its grave. That is the time when our footballers are woefully tired and, even when they are not tired, are approaching the finals of major European club tournaments, not to mention this year's European Nations Cup.

The only match which seems to retain any significance is that between Scotland and England, and then only for the Scots, whom Jock Stein is trying to cure of their myopia. For the English it doesn't matter very much, the less so as it means a bi-annual invasion of London by drunks and psychopaths.

Television

Ron Greenwood has pointed out that the tournament must go on because television puts a lot of money into it, money which is vital to the smaller associations.

That, with deference to a man I like, is a rotten reason. Television, as recent history has shown all over the Western world, is a good servant but a fearful master. American gridiron football and tennis, having prostituted themselves to television, have found themselves put upon ever since.

Soccer should have put two fingers up at Eurovision over the Nations Cup finals when it failed to get a decent price.

Hans Bangerter, the EUFA Secretary, protested feebly and absurdly that though the offer was absurd, UEFA could not deprive European viewers of so important a tournament. Why not? They should have called Eurovision's bluff. Television have had football on the cheap for far too long now.

The British Championship should either be restored to its former position of being played during the season, or altogether scrapped. As for that damnable England v Scotland game at Wembley, the Psychopaths' Delight, it should have its last chance next year.

Then, either the FA's scheme to deprive the Scots of tickets will work, which is very much to be doubted alas, or other measures should be taken.

A Saturday match could be turned into a midweek evening match, which would greatly cut down the invasion, or in future all such games should be played in Glasgow.

Let the Scots not complain. They set the pattern themselves by refusing for years to play in Belfast and bringing Northern Ireland to Hampden. England have infinitely more reason for playing all their games up there.

Speaking Personally by LESLIE VERNON

Three ways to win a final . . .

THERE are three ways a team can win a European Final. The old-fashioned, one might say, out-dated method of scoring more goals than the opposition, by the away goals ruling in the UEFA-Cup, and through penalty-kicks after extra time. This season, we had the perfect set.

Forest won 1-0, Valencia scored one more penalty than Arsenal, and Eintracht Frankfurt got the 'away-goals' verdict over Moenchengladbach.

Of these matches, the most talked about was the Cup Winners' Cup Final with its tedious 120 minutes' football, and exhilarating penalty kick crescendo — in reality, a rather unfair football roulette.

But as the 'tie-breaker' was introduced in tennis, something had to be done in football to eliminated the possibility of endless replays.

I well remember the 1974 European Cup Final in Brussels, when Schwarzenbeck equalised for Bayern Munich against Atletico Madrid with the last kick of the match in extra-time.

A collective groan went up in the Press Box, even the W. German reporters would have preferred a result rather than the prospect of a replay two days later.

That goal meant either the necessity of rearranging hotel accommodations, flight schedules, etc. or going home and missing the 'real' Final, which was, incidentally, won by Bayern 4-0.

Ted Croker, F.A. Secretary, puts another point of view concerning the Valencia v Arsenal fiasco. "We all agree it was a most unsatisfactory way of concluding a match, but that is an over-simplification. With the international and national programmes and the close season so nearly upon us, you have just got to find ways of settling matches — you eventually reach a point of no return.

"With the final, you are bringing two sets of supporters from two different countries, and to keep repeating the exercise is a virtual impossibility. You should also remember that there have been more than 250 matches played in European competitions this season, and this is the

Peter Shilton (left) and Gary Birtles with the European Cup.

ABOVE LEFT: John Robertson (left) and Peter Shilton after their 1-0 win over Hamburg. ABOVE RIGHT: Forest star Peter Shilton makes a daring save.

first one that had to resort to penalties. It was unfortunate that it had to be a final."

Yes, I agree, but it is more likely to be a one-match final which ends in a stalemate than a two-legged home and away tie.

What is the solution then? In my view, the Cup Winners' Cup should have a two-legged final, which would guarantee more income for the participants than the present arrangement. I also agree with those who suggested that if the teams finish absolutely level, they should be allowed to share the title.

In the most recent case, Valencia would actually hold the trophy for six months, and then Arsenal for the same period. Both teams should be entitled to enter the competition for the following season, and as seeded entrants, they couldn't possibly meet in the first round.

Apart from the disappointing Final (did you enjoy the play, Mrs. Lincoln?) Arsenal did extremely well in the 'Recopa'. They remained unbeaten throughout the competition, and their away draw in Magdeburg and their narrow win in Turin v. Juventus were excellent performances.

Firepower

But the team play stereotyped football, and once the shackles are out on Stapleton and Sunderland, they have no alternative ways of scoring goals. This lack of firepower cost them dearly in the F.A. Cup, and was the reason for the 0-0 draw against Valencia.

Generally speaking, the Cup Winners' Cup provided some above average football during the season, with Valencia's away win (3-1) at Rangers, one of the highlights. There are no outstanding teams in Europe at the moment, so the closeness of the ties guarantees good entertainment.

The first leg of the Moenchengladbach v. Frankfurt UEFA-Cup Final provided some marvellous goals, and for a change, open, attacking football. This is usually a bright and breezy competition, and although our quartet failed dismally in the early stages, this season was no exception.

It is hard to explain the domination of the W. German clubs, because their superiority is not evident in the other two tournaments. But the entertainment value of the UEFA-Cup ties underlines my previus point — it is better to have a home and away system than a one-match Final.

However, some people might argue that in a one-match Final, *both teams* are obliged to attack, while in a two-legged tie, only the home team would be anxious to get goals. This might be the case in theory, but the last three European Cup Finals contradict the argument.

They all ended with a 1-0 score-line, and in every case, one team fought a purely defensive battle (Bruges, Malmo, Forest).

No, I am not going to jump on the band-wagon and blame Forest). for yet another slightly disappointing European Cup Final — in any case, I thought it was a highly-exciting match, especially the first-half.

Something is wrong with the system — the stakes are too high. Perhaps if both teams (winners and runners-up) would be assured of an entry into the following season's competition, we would have more open finals. As it is, Forest had too much to lose.

They must have European football to pay for their new stand, and they must put at least one trophy on the sideboard each season to satisfy the supporters, the chairman, the management and the players.

And the management (second to none!) reasoned that a 1-0 win would be their best hope against Hamburg. This forecast was widely publicised before the match, yet people were surprised that Forest elected to play a 4-5-1 formation!

They did exactly the same against Cologne last season, and were generally praised to high heaven for their 'heroic' victory. This season, Dynamo Berlin did to Nottingham Forest what Forest, later, did to Hamburg. Dynamo won the away-leg 1-0, but instead of the "funeral in Berlin", Forest went on the attack, scored three goals in the first-half, and finished with a 3-2 aggregate in front for a famous victory in the East German city.

What I am trying to say. is that Brian Clough has the wisdom to alter his tactical plans as the situation demands it. Without Trevor Francis, he opted for a defensive stance in Madrid, reasoning that this is his best way to win the Cup. Who can blame him for that?

After all, the gamble came off brilliantly, the goal was scored after a counter-attack as early as the 20th minute, and Hamburg were never allowed to play up to their potential.

By the second-half, the Germans were forced to introduce the half-fit Horst Hrubesch and to withdraw Keegan into his usual club position, where he couldn't do much damage.

So Clough won the tactical chess game against Zebec, the same way as he did last season against Weisweiler, and to outsmart two of Germany's leading coaches is no mean feat in itself.

Perhaps the trouble is that we expect too much from a European Cup Final. Since the venue was Madrid, there was a flood of nostalgic reminiscences concerning Real's hey-days, and the achievements of the likes of Di Stefano and Puskas.

Unrealistic

This is understandable, but unrealistic, because football is a different ball-game these days, those 7-3 and 5-3 results were the product of another era. In any case, Hamburg beat Real 5-1 this season (5-3 aggregate), playing "as well as humanly possible", if one believes the headline of a distinguished Swiss sports paper.

Unfortunately — for football's sake, that is — they were not able to repeat that performance against Forest, therefore, they didn't deserve to win. Ron Greenwood often says that football has two equally important facets — attack and defence. We are bound to agree with this truism, and we can safely say that Forest did both supremely well. They defended superbly, and on the few occasions when they attacked, they did it with incisive venom — they looked dangerous!

Hamburg didn't do either the defending or attacking quite so well. Their goalkeeper was badly positioned to deal with Robertson's shot, and their attack often petered out at the edge of the Forest penalty area. So, it is my contention that the "rag-bag" footballers of Nottingham deservedly won the European Cup for the second year running, and it is grossly unfair to pillory them for their effective defensive tactics.

European Cup Final report by Keir Radnedge

CAN WE PLEASE GO FORWARD?

HAMBURG played the more entertaining football and Nottingham Forest played the more effective chess.

The outcome was victory for the chess men. But neutrals in Madrid's Estadio Bernabeu, asked which team they would rather see if they had the chance next weekend, all opted for Hamburg.

For though Nottingham Forest successfully defended their European crown — defended being the operative word — and though the game maintained excitement to the last minute, something was missing.

Perhaps the setting was wrong. Perhaps the game should have been played in a stadium other than the one in which we were bound to see the memory replays of Di Stefano, Puskas, Gento and Co.

They brought inspiration to the Champions' Cup more than 20 years ago, established its reputation. In fact they did too good a job. Now the prize has become so important that what matters is the Cup itself, no longer the means but the end.

Yet it wasn't one of Madrid's successful European finals which I found recalled by the occasion. Instead it was the 1964 final, in which Madrid had most of the play yet lost 3-1 to Internazionale in Vienna.

Now, as then, we had a team grabbing an early goal and defending with aplomb, application, superb dedication and teamwork — a rare co-ordination between the different units and a blind unity of purpose.

One can easily understand the Forest players' bitterness at some of the criticism which followed. They did their job. They won the Cup. What more could anyone ask?

Inspiration, flair, genius.

But there was inspiration here. What other word could you find to describe the three breath-taking saves of Peter Shilton — from Magath, Milewski and Nogly?

Was this really the goalkeeper whose blunder cost Forest the League Cup? Surely not. For here was the difference between the teams. Shilton wouldn't have gone flapping to the ground, in surprise, as the match-winning shot from Robertson squeezed in off the post. But Rudi Kargus did, and his lapse of concentration cost Hamburg the game.

If not the only factor, certainly a major one.

Others? The ankle injury Horst Hrubesch suffered the previous weekend as Hamburg lost their grip on the West German championship; the way his colleagues apparently forgot that he wasn't there in the first-half as they slung over their centres; also, unfortunately, the disappointing display of Kevin Keegan.

The Hrubesch affair demonstrated that Hamburg coach Branko Zebec was not immune to the tactics of fear.

Two-and-a-half hours before the game Zebec called a brief Press conference at which he announced that he would not risk Hrubesch from the start because of the danger of losing him early on. He would be a substitute instead.

Zebec had clearly forgotten a lesson once painfully taught in similar circumstances — ironically by league title rivals, Bayern Munich. In 1976, when they faced Saint-Etienne for the Champions' Crown, Bayern were lucky that the French risked their half-fit Dominique Rocheteau only in the last 10 minutes. By then it was too late.

Hrubesch also appeared too late. Had he started the game, even to help Hamburg find the early lead they so desperately desired, he could have bowed out with some modicum of glory. Instead he limped and lumbered at a time when Hamburg's anxiety was adding to their play a pace which he couldn't match.

Having played as if Hrubesch was there when he wasn't, and then playing as if without him when he did appear, Hamburg compromised their chances. No wonder the Forest players insisted on their confidence in the ability to weather the German storm.

"It always looks much worse from the stands," skipper John McGovern reminded me later. "When you're on the pitch you know that if something is going wrong, you can act to stop it."

For Forest the future looks bright. Brian Clough signed a new contract to move into the £50,000-a-year bracket, and his club can afford the three new men he clearly needs to cover for the absconding Stan Bowles and the possible departure of Trevor Francis whose contract expires at the season's end.

For Hamburg, matters are not so rosy.

They have a UEFA Cup place as consolation prize. But Keegan is going to Southampton; Peter Nogly is off to the NASL; and Franz Beckenbauer's arrival later this year will pose general manager Günter Netzer with a lot of interesting complications (will Kaiser Franz play sweeper or midfield — and if sweeper, what will happen to Ivan Buljan, the bearded Yugoslav with those telescopic legs?).

Keegan's big match farewell showed us a man who looked very tired.

"If he plays centre-half as he did when I saw Hamburg before, I'll be happy enough," said Clough before the game. And indeed, as the second-half wore on, so Keegan's anxiety led him into the fatal trap of dropping so far back in search of the ball that his precious skills were badly missed on the edge of the penalty box.

It was churlish and stupid of the Forest fans to jeer him at every touch of the ball — and it let them down on an occasion which was otherwise characterised (remarkably for

EUROPEAN CHAMPIONS' CUP FINAL
(Madrid, Bernabeu — May 28)

Hamburg 0
Nottingham Forest 1 (Robertson 19)

HT: 0-1. **Att.**: 50,000. **Ref.**: Antonio Garrido (Portugal),

Hamburg: 1 Kaltz — 4 Jakobs, 5 Buljan, 3 Nogly — 2 Kaltz, 6 Hieronymus, 10 Magath (capt.), 8 Memering — 9 Milewski, 7 Keegan, 11 Reimann. Sub used: Hrubesch (for Hieronymus, 46). Subs not used: Hidien, Wehmeier, Hartwig, Stars (gk).

Forest: 1 Shilton — 2 Anderson, 5 Lloyd, 6 Burns, 3 Gray — 7 O'Neill, 4 McGovern (capt.), 8 Bowyer, 10 Mills, 11 Robertson — 9 Birtles. Subs used: O'Hare (for Mills) 67) and Gunn (for Gray 83). Subs not used: Needham, Montgomery (gk).

John Robertson of Nottingham Forest collides with Hamburg's Ivan Buljan (5) while Manny Kaltz collects the ball.

ALL WINNERS

1956 Real Madrid
1957 Real Madrid
1958 Real Madrid
1959 Real Madrid
1960 Real Madrid
1961 Benfica
1962 Benfica
1963 Milan
1964 Internazionale
1965 Internazionale
1966 Real Madrid
1967 Celtic
1968 Manchester United
1969 Milan
1970 Feyenoord
1971 Ajax Amsterdam
1972 Ajax Amsterdam
1973 Ajax Amsterdam
1974 Bayern Munich
1975 Bayern Munich
1976 Bayern Munich
1977 Liverpool
1978 Liverpool
1979 Nottingham Forest
1980 Nottingham Forest.

6 wins Real Madrid. 3 Ajax and Bayern. 2 Benfica, Internazionale, Liverpool, Milan and Nottingham Forest. 1 Feyenoord, Celtic, Manchester United.

John Robertson scores the goal which won Nottingham Forest the 1980 European Cup Final.

English fans abroad) by excellent relations between both sets of supporters around Madrid.

The fans had their money's-worth. Not so much in quality as in the huge contrast in styles and the seat-edge drama as Hamburg went on rolling forward, only for each successive wave to break on the defensive rocks of Larry Lloyd and Kenny Burns.

And if Gary Mills, the 18-year-old new boy, wasn't the most notable of Forest's workers, then the other Garry, Birtles, responded honestly and tirelessly to Clough's heavy demands as a lone front-runner.

England now boast the European champions for four years in a row. Forest will go for the hat-trick next season, leaving Hamburg to regret what might have been as they pick up the pieces at the end of the Keegan era.

All that effort, so many attacks, so little to show.

Alfredo Di Stefano, among the crowd, might well have been thinking back to 1964 when he said afterwards: "Just because you have most of the ball doesn't mean you have to win."

In 1964 it was Puskas who hit the post and saw the ball come out; this time it was Kaltz, midway through the second-half. Really, Jacques George could have presented the Cup there and then. Obviously it was not Hamburg's night.

Yet in the wake of this silver jubilee final we are left with the contradiction of Nottingham Forest and Brian Clough unresolved.

Here is a man who has about him the cavalier charisma; a man who repeats that Forest are a team whose style is to go forward. Yet in Madrid they went backwards, with five men strung across midfield.

Force of circumstance because of the injury to Francis? Surely not. Clough revealed his true colours by planning the game. The realist with a small "r".

One of the Spanish papers the next day compared Forest with Internazionale of the 1960s.

Next season I hope Forest may prove him wrong. Then can we all go forward please, not back?

What they said . . .

BRIAN CLOUGH (Forest manager): "It was one of the best 90 minutes we have ever had. On technique we were a little behind the Germans, but on application and effort we were superb. And there was no question about us being lucky. We were not lucky. We were just good.

"Every good team has to have an element of luck. We had it and I think we worked hard enough for it.

"I can't think of any match in which I've been so emotionally involved. I can't think of any game in which we have come under the hammer for so long. We gave everything we had and more. At the end we had an honest centre-forward who was so tired he didn't have the strength left to take off his shin-pads.

"Did we plan to defend? We were forced to. We didn't have any option. It certainly wasn't because Trevor Francis was missing, in fact we weren't conscious of not having Trevor. Our style is to go forward, but if you are forced to defend then you have to do that equally as well.

"And to defend very well demands the same degree of application and hard work as attacking. That needs a high degree of fitness. And the only time we worried a little about stamina was in the second-half because we didn't know how much the last 45 minutes would take out of us. In fact, we saw a few legs buckle now and again. When Gary Mills came off it could have been any of three."

BRANKO ZEBEC (Hamburg manager): "We went out to attack because this was a one-off game and we couldn't afford to sit back. Forest had a brilliant goalkeeper in Shilton and we were very unlucky in front of goal.

"Of course we had problems with injuries to Hrubesch and Hartwig. But I think Nottingham were worthy winners. Keegan tried all he could, but he has only his fellow countrymen to blame!

"That means we have now almost lost two titles in four days. We virtually lost our league championship place and now we're out of the European Cup."

PETER SHILTON: "This has to be the greatest moment of my career. It's certainly been a better feeling than last year."

KEVIN KEEGAN: "I know Forest can play better than they did in this final, but they fight right to the end of the 90 minutes and having won the Cup two years running they must be the best team in Europe.

"People used to say that Liverpool were a dull and defensive side and it took them five years to realise we were playing successful football.

"Where Forest are clever is in making you play to their strengths. They force you to go out wide and invite you to hit in crosses at a goalkeeper who is good at collecting them."

MARTIN O'NEILL: "I never thought that they had us under any real pressure. The second leg against Ajax, over there, was harder in that sense. As for the critics, what do they want? Just because we're in an unfashionable part of the country, I suppose."

JOHN ROBERTSON: "When I got the ball, inside was the only way to go. I saw big Garry Birtles and tried the one-two and then I went on and stuck it in.

"But to say we were defensive isn't right. What we know we can do is soak up pressure and nick a goal. We proved it so many times against Liverpool. And against Ajax."

The action

Hamburg win the toss, Forest kick-off.

1 — The first foul as Burns pulls down Milewski.

9. — A free-kick to Hamburg on the edge of the penalty box — the ball is rolled to Magath, whose drive is spectacularly tipped for a corner by Shilton.

10 — Nogly bursts forward and tries a one-two with Hireonymus. Shilton gets to the ball just in time.

Hamburg playing entertaining football, always on the attack, Forest playing a game of containment with only Birtles up front. Hamburg pull Reimann across and back to foil any plans of Forest's for catching out Kaltz.

17 — Forest's first raid — Anderson breaks out of defence but Birtles fires wide.

19 — Robertson cuts inside from the left, goes across two defenders, switches passes with Birtles and shoots in off the foot of the far post. Forest winning 1-0 against the run of play.

20 — Reimann has a 'goal' disallowed for a clear offside.

21 — Burns is booked for fouling Keegan.

32 — Kaltz hits the ball up to Keegan in the box. As he chests down so Milewski shoots for goal and Shilton flies to give away another corner.

37 — Forest's first corner.

Half-time:

Hamburg bring on Hrubesch in attack. Keegan drops back into midfield.

58 — Hamburg persistently battering away. Kaltz plays Keegan deep into the penalty box but the England skipper is caught.

60 — Nogly plays Magath into the penalty box but the ball runs just too far ahead of him.

61 — Shilton makes brave catch at Memering's feet.

63 — Magath and Keegan have efforts charged down and blocked in the goal area. Finally Lloyd clears.

64 — Another rare break. Mills runs half the length of the pitch but delays too long waiting for reinforcements.

65 — Kaltz hits a 25-yarder that smashes the outside of the post.

67 — O'Hare comes on for Mills.

70 — Burns shoots straight at Kaltz as Hamburg appear to be losing their grip and momentum.

73 — Nogly booked for tripping O'Neill.

75 — Shilton makes a brilliant turning flick to keep out a 30-yard drive from Nogly.

Full-time: Hamburg 0, Nottingham Forest 1.

Hamburg season ruined but Beckenbauer returns

WEST GERMANY'S 1979 champions Hamburger SV suffered, within just four days, two vicious blows to their pride. First the 1-2 defeat at Bayer Leverkusen cost them the Bundesliga title which went to Bayern Munich. Secondly, they lost the European Cup final to Nottingham Forest and their season was ruined.

Hamburg have to be content with a UEFA-Cup place, but it could all have been so different. If Nottingham Forest missed the injured Francis, then Hamburg could point to the absence of midfielder Hartwig and full-back Hidien, while their fearsome striker Hrubesch, who damaged an ankle, was half fit and was only risked in the second-half in Madrid.

As expected the German and indeed the European Press roundly condemned Nottingham Forest's negative tactics and rightly so. One paper even offered the hard to dispute opinion that "if every team played like Nottingham Forest, then they would drive the spectators out of the grounds."

I liked best the quip by Nottingham's substitute John O'Hare, who sitting on the bench in Madrid remarked to his colleague Dave Needham: "If this is football something's wrong."

It will be recalled that Bob Paisley the respected manager of Liverpool observed earlier this season, after a League Cup tie on Nottingham's ground: "They just retreated into their own half and waited for us to make a mistake. If we played like that at Anfield, the crowd would give us the bird." Only one player deserved the European Cup winners medal and that was goalkeeper Peter Shilton who alone saved Forest from a pasting.

Hamburg had the consolation of knowing that they made more money from the tournament than any other club before them. After gate receipts of £250,000 against Dynamo Tblissi, £300,000 v. Hajduk Split, and £425,000 v. Real madrid, they expected at least £250,000 as their share of the final. The club estimate a net profit of over £1 million from their four home ties, plus the Madrid final.

Packet

Other German clubs were also in the money from European success. VfB Stuttgart's five UEFA-Cup home ties were watched by 270,600 fans — an average of 54,000 per game. Eintracaht Frankfurt (215,000 spectators) who won the trophy and Borussia Mönchengladbach (135,400) the finalists, also made a packet. Only Bayern Munich were not quite satisfied. Their five home ties drew just 102,500 paying customers, which was well below their *Bundesliga* average of 36,000. The 31 homes games involving German clubs in the three European tourneys were attended by 1,024,000 — average 33,000 per game.

Hamburg's players were bemoaning the loss of hefty bonuses. For winning the championship and the European Cup they would have cashed £12,000 each. Keegan and his mates lost that amount in the space of just four days.

The club will invest the profits in new players and the first priority is a goalkeeper. Their three times capped custodian Rudi Kargus cannot agree terms on a new contract and may be leaving the club. Hamburg's team manager Branko Zebec has been watching the Swedish international 'keeper Jan Möller (Malmoe) who wants to follow his national team's predecessor Ronnie Hellstroem (Kaiserlautern) to the *Bundesliga*.

Contract

Malmoe want for Möller nearly £200,000; Hamburg were also interested in Dieter Burdenski (Werder Bremen) a full international and Uli Stein from newly-promoted Arminia Bielefeld. On the other hand, Ivan Buljan, HSV's Yugoslav 'libero', has extended his contract for another year.

But the greatest "fish" Hamburg have already landed is Franz Beckenbauer nearly 35, arguably the greatest footballer Germany has produced and record holder of 103 caps.

Junghans of Bayern Munich.

He is returning home, but not to Bayern Munich the club where he became a world star. "Der Kaiser", as he is still known, will complete his contract with New York Cosmos where he played for the last three years and join Hamburg at the latest on October 1.

Beckenbauer's transfer did hit some snags when Cosmos pointed out that they still have an option on his contract which is supposed to run till 1981, and they demanded a transfer fee. But the lawyers have sorted all the problems out and he will not cost Hamburg anything. Beckenbauer's salary is being shrouded in extreme secrecy and there are some wild rumours circulating — estimates range from £150,000 to £225,000 a year, which either way would make him the highest paid footballer in Germany.

Whether Beckenbauer can make the transition from playing on artificial turf and meeting the demands of the highly competitive *Bundesliga* again, remains to be seen. There is, however, no doubt that he will pull in the crowds and this factor alone should make this engagement by Hamburg a great success.

Meanwhile, his old club Bayern won their first championship title since 1974. Whilst Hamburg were losing at Leverkusen in the penultimate match, Bayern won with surprising ease at Stuttgart by 3-1 and thus facing the already relegated Eintracht Brunswick at home, the Bavarians made no mistake. Even the loss of their famous 'keeper Sepp Maier, before the season had even started, did not upset them. His successor Walter Junghans (21) played so well, that he even made the national squad of 22 for the European Championships. Junghans has now extended his contract till 1984.

Acquisition

Bayern pulled out of negotiations for Arsenal's schemer Liam Brady, but they strengthened their ranks for next season by the acquisition of the international wing-forward Karl "Calle" Del'Haye (24) who joined from Borussia Mönchengladbach. He was also in West Germany's European squad of 22 and will add power to Bayern's attack, though the new champions really need another midfielder to replace the retiring Yugoslav Oblak, as a first priority.

Borussia found a replacement for Del'Haye in the talented Luxemburger Roby Langers, who will be 19 on August 1. But he scored 23 goals this season and is described by Gladbach's manager Jupp Heynckes as "a raw diamond". Langers cost only £30,000.

There was bitter disappointment though over losing the UEFA-Cup final to Eintracht Frankfurt on away goals. Borussia, who won this trophy last year looked certain winners until nine minutes from time, when Frankfurt's substitute Schaub scored the decisive goal. The Gladbacher signed a new

WEST GERMANY by Arthur Rotmil

three-year contract with a Japanese car manufacturer. The players will wear the sponsor's name 'Datsun' on their jerseys, for which the club will received a total of £450,000.

Eintracht Frankfurt celebrated their first European triumph in the club's 80-year-old history in style. The first man to lay his hands on the UEFA-Cup was their captain Jürgen Grabowski, although he didn't play in either leg because of injury. Grabowski capped 44 times and member of the World Cup winning team 1974, is retiring from active football. He is not the only one to leave the club; team manager Friedel Rausch has already gone; in the hour of victory he signed for the Turkish club Fenerbahce.

Eintracht's new team chief will be Lothar Buchmann (43) who left VfB Stuttgart. He received a two-year contract and was delighted to hear that the Austrian international 'libero' Bruno Pezzey, scorer of two goals which helped Frankfurt into the UEFA-Cup final, is staying with the club. Pezzey has had numerous offers, but decided to extend his agreement with Eintracht for another three years.

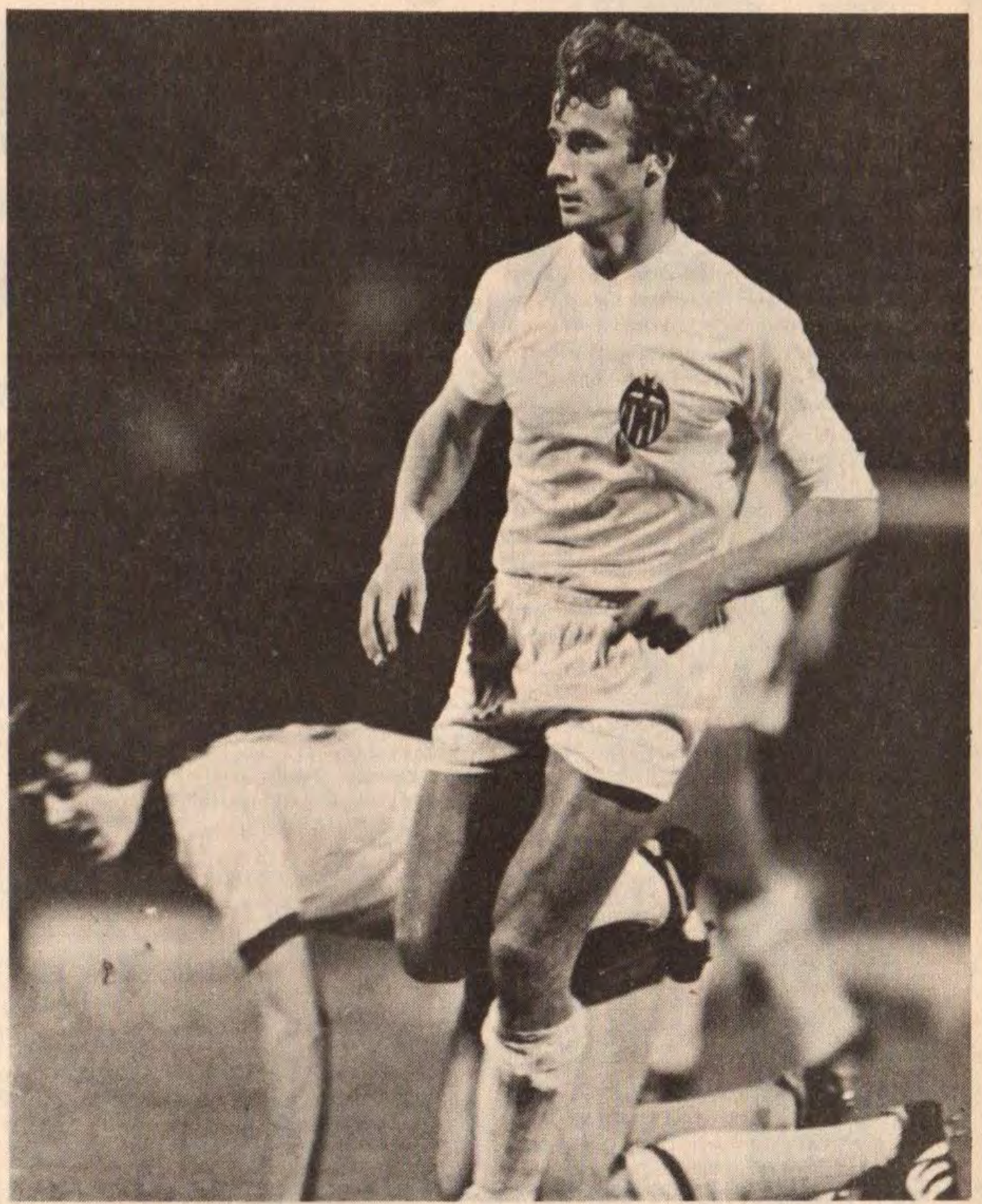
The first clubs to gain promotion were Arminia Bielefeld and Germany's record champions (nine titles) 1. FC Nürnberg, who won the Divisions North and South. They will be joined by the winners of the home and away play-off between Rotweiss Essen and Karlsruher SC, who finished second in their divisions.

Arminia established two records in their promotion march. They remained unbeaten in 28 successive matches and thus improved the old mark held by St. Pauli (1976-1977). Secondly, they celebrated 12 consecutive victories, which previously only Nürnberg had achieved.

There was a shock for Germany's once greatest and most popular club Schalke 04, when they were at first refused a licence and could have been thrown out of the *Bundesliga* for amassing debts of nearly £1 million. But even the city fathers rallied round, the council advanced the club £125,000 and other funds were raised from the sale of the international Abramczik. In addition, two former internationals Klaus Fichtel (35) and Helmut Kremers (31) were not re-engaged for next season, which has eased the clubs financial commitments. Their replacements will be young players nursed through the excellent junior ranks and who will be paid substantially less in wages.

The DFB-Cup was won for the second year running by Fortuna Düsseldorf, who beat Cologne 2-1, after being a goal down (Cullman) at half-time. Before a crowd of 55,000 in Gelsenkirchen's Parkstadion, Wenzel and Thomas ALlofs scored the goals to give Fortuna a deserved victory.

The national team's last engagement before the European Championship finals was the testimonial match for the retired Sepp Maier, who achieved greater honours than any other 'keeper in the world. A full house of 77,000 in Munich's Olympic stadium saw the national side beat Bayern 3-1. But there was a shock for manager Jupp Derwall, when it was disclosed that his experienced midfielder Rainer Bonhof has had to pull out of the European series with a recurrence of an old leg injury.



Rainer Bonhof, who missed the European Championship Finals.

Horst Hrubesch and Hansi Muller after the European Final victory over Belgium.

World Soccer Diary compiled by Jonathan

Ubaldo Fillol

FOOTBALL'
AFTER SO MU

FOOTBALL'S bleakest year? Seems like it following the rash of match-fixing uncovered in one country after another.

The Italian scandal has drawn most publicity. But in Spain — as reported in these pages last month — suspensions are in the offing following the Malaga-Salamanca fix.

Officials of second division clubs in Switzerland, Hungary and Yugoslavia have all been found guilty of trying to buy games in the past few months, and in Greece the president of first division Iraklis has been jailed for three years for an attempt to buy the cup semi-final against Paok.

How ironic that, after the culprit had been arrested, Iraklis actually won the semi-final on their own playing merits!

WE TOLD YOU . . .

***5 years ago, that** . . . Leeds had been banned from Europe for three years following their fans' excesses in paris.*

***10 years ago, that** . . . Brazil had recaptured all the old magic in regaining the World Cup . . . Gigi Riva had signed a new £65,000-a-year contract with shock Italian champions, Cagliari.*

***15 years ago, that** . . . West Ham's Cup-winners' Cup victory was, according to the headline here, "Ron Greenwood's finest hour" . . . Ladislao Kubala had quit as manager of Espanol Barcelona . . . 1954 World Cup hero Helmut Rahn had quit MSV Duisburg and football through injury.*

GOLDEN BOOT AWARD. Leading scorers: Van den Bergh (Lierse) 39. Schachner (FK Austria) 34. Fazekas (Ujpest) 31. Nene (Benfica) and Jordao (Sporting Lisbon), both 30. Ceulemans (Brugge) 29. Kist (Alkmaar) 27.

WATCH OUT FOR . . . July 1: Denmark v. Russia Olympic XI . . . July 9: Uruguay v. Poland . . . July 17: Sweden v. Iceland (World Cup qualifier at Halmstad).

But Spain has been the stage for a variation on match fixing — bonus payments by third parties. Big headlines have followed over a federation inquiry into the payment of £5,000 to players of Betis Seville after they had drawn away to Real Sociedad de San Sebastian in March.

Skipper Antonio Benitez — who had, after a secret vote by the Betis players, originally denied the claim — told a remarkable story. .

"The Friday before the game I got a phone call at the hotel where we were staying over in Madrid, offering the team £5,000 for a draw in San Sebastian and £10,000 to split between us if we won."

Betis did, in fact, obtain a 1-1 draw.

Benitez continued: "When we were on the way home we came by train into Chamartin station and then had a coach out to Madrid airport. While we were waiting to check in, a man and a woman of about 50 came up and gave me a plastic bag.

"I didn't open it until we were on the plane and found it contained the promised 750,000 pesetas, made up in 5,000 and 1,000 notes, and wrapped in newspaper. We shared it out among the 11 first-team players and five reserves and split the remaining share between the masseur and the kit man. Our coach, Luis Carriega, wasn't involved.

"Before I'm asked, no I didn't recognise the man and woman who gave me the money."

Only one club could have benefited from a setback for Real Sociedad, of course, champions Real Madrid.

And president Luis De Carlos has appeared ambivalent on whether third-party bonus payments should be allowed. It seems to me that players who can be bought one way, could possibly be bought another way. And thus I find the attitude of Betis themselves remarkable.

The club have washed their hands of the affair, saying only that they would have acted, if money had been paid to persuade their players to sell the game.

OBITUARY

Jaques Borel. The 20-year-old Saint-Etienne youth star died, along with his wife, when their car collided with a lorry on the way home from a trial he'd had with Angers. Angers officials had tried to persuade Borel to stay in a hotel in town, but he said that after four nights away he and his wife would rather drive through the night . . .

Kalman Konrad. One of the great figures of Hungarian and Central European football in the 1920s has died in Stockholm. Kalman and Jeno Konrad were legendary figures from the great days of MTK Budapest, who won the championship nine years in a row from 1916. Kalman, a skilful centre-forward, then played for several years in Vienna where he became the hero for Mathias Sindelar, the great centre-forward of the 1930s' Austrian **Wunderteam.** Both Kalman and his brother coached in Rumania, Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia before the threat of war in 1939 drove Kalman to Sweden and Jeno to the United States — where he died two years ago.

Alexei Komich. Another football legend, who died in Moscow aged 60' 'tiger' Komich became famous as goalkeeper of the Moscow Dynamo team who came to Britain in 1945 and, more than 30 years later, remained a target for autograph hunters round the world.

Komich was born in Moscow in 1920 and began playing football at 12. He played in goal for a factory team after leaving school but his career was interrupted by the war between 1941 and 1944. The league restarted in 1945 and Komich, now with Moscow Dynamo, won the title before embarking on the controversial British tour. Dynamo drew 3-3 with Chelsea, beat Cardiff 10-1, defeated a strengthened Arsenal 4-3, and drew 2-2 with Glasgow Rangers. Komich saved penalties against both Cardiff and Rangers.

Yet he never played for the Soviet Union, since they rejoined FIFA only in 1952 in time for the Helsink Olympics and Komich was injured shortly before. The next year he moved to Dynamo Minsk but not before coaching and encouraging his even more famous Moscow Dynamo successor, Lev Yashin. After retiring Komich became a Press photographer. His last major assignment was for the weekly *Football-Hockey* at the 1978 World Cup.

Shallard World Soccer Diary compiled by Jonathan Shallard

S BLEAKEST YEAR UCH MATCH FIXING

But the whole affair leaves a disturbing taste, for it's far from the first time that third-party bonuses have been paid in Spain and this illicit cash has the federation worried.

Finally, to return to Italy, where the absolution of Juventus by the federation's inquiry into the sale of their game against Bologna, have stunned the fans.

"Why?" screamed the main headline in the Milan sports daily, Gazzetta dello Sport, wondering why Juve had escaped (so far) when their own Milan had been dismissed to the second division.

Other punishments from the 'second wave':

Tommaso Fabbretti (Bologna president) banned one year, Ricardo Sogliano (gen. manager) banned 6 months; Carlo Petrini (Bologna player) 6-month ban; Stefano Chiodi (Milan player) year's ban; Franco Colomba (Bologna) year's ban — all for involvement in the Bologna-Juventus 1-1 fix.

Bologna penalised five points next season; Giuseppe Savoldi (Bologna player) 3-year ban; Petrini 3-year ban; Stefano Pellegrini (Avellino player) 6-month ban — all for involvement in the Bologna-Avellino 1-0 fix.

Lazio penalised three points next season; Avellino fined £5,000; Bruno Giordano (Lazio player) year's ban; Lionella Manfredonia (Lazio player) year's ban; Franco Cordova (Avellino player) 3-year ban; S. Pellerini 6-month ban; Claudio Pellegrini (Avellino player) 6-month ban.

* * *

THE joke has been well-aired, but will stand repeating . . . what are Italy's two most widely-sold products? Answer: The Fiat 127 and the Lazio football team.

* * *

WEST HAM'S Paul Allen obviously has winning ways. Not content with an FA Cup medal after his first full season in professional football, he's also collected another gong in the European youth tournament.

Not only did Allen captain England to their 2-1 win over Poland in the final, he scored the vital equaliser 13 minutes from the end which provided the inspiration for substitute Terry Gibson to go on and head the winner in the dying seconds.

It was Allen's 18th youth cap — equalling the record of one of West Ham's great names, Bobby Moore. I wonder which of Moore's other honours he'll duplicate in the years to come?

* * *

THE English Press handling of the run-up to the Champions' Cup Final fell curiously flat. Stan Bowles's decision to walk out on Nottingham Forest was a good story, but somehow the rest of the written preliminaries lacked the spice of a grand occasion.

Perhaps the clash between Kevin Keegan and Brian Clough was too obvious. Certainly the repeated views of Keegan on the final became more than a little boring.

But what more could the man say when he was being asked the same old questions day after day?

On an accuracy note, don't be taken in by one report that Hamburg traditionally play in red shirts and that's why they wore all-white on the night. Hamburg's colours have always been a basic white shirts and blue shorts.

Secondly, a memo to the papers: It's Dynamo Berlin with a "y" not an "i". The only major western European *Dinamo* are the one who play in Bucharest.

As for the Soviet sides, well, they script their titles in Cyrillic anyway, so Dynamo or Dinamo it's all the same.

* * *

COMMENT from a veteran commentator at Wembley: "This Maradona's not bad, but it's nearly all left foot. He doesn't seem to have much of a right. You can't claim to be great unless you're two-footed.

* * *

How many would Hungary have scored at the same venue in 1953, if Ferenc Puskas hadn't suffered the same criminal deficiency? . . .

* * *

OVERHEARD in Brussels before Valencia v. Arsenal — Belgian manager Guys Thys explaining his reluctance to publish his squad of 40: "We've got around 25 players for our national team. That's all. If I told people who I'd had to include to make up the 40 they'd think I'd gone mad."

* * *

ALSO in Brussels, on the afternoon of the Cup-winners' Cup Final, leading UEFA officials met Phil Woosnam, commissioner of the North American Soccer League.

Roger Petit, of Standard Liege, told me: "The problem is that the Americans aren't just signing the veteran Europeans now. They're coming in for our best young players, and they have the money to tempt them into signing.

"Unless we act now and reach some satisfactory mutual agreement, the whole European game could suffer irreparable damage."

* * *

JACQUES GEORGE from France stood in for Artemio Franchi, UEFA's president, at both the Champion' and Cup-winners' Cup Finals. Franchi has been ill and one can't help feeling that the strain of trying to serve two masters (he is also president of the Italian federation) has had something to do with it — particularly bearing in mind his present domestic crisis.

* * *

A BIG Disappointment for Argentina goalkeeper Ubaldo Fillol when he went shopping in London's West end. He couldn't obtain an adult fitting of the Ray Clemence goalkeeper's gloves. That accounts for his blunder when England scored their second goal . . .

* * *

ALBERTO TARANTINI'S penchant for controversy and headlines was well known in Argentina even before his abortive transfer to Barcelona, his brief stay at Birmingham then his sudden departure for River Plate via Talleres Cordoba.

Tarantini made the news again during Argentina's visit to England — for very much the wrong reason and not, in this case, his own fault.

'Pata' Villanueva, Tarantini's wife — though not under Argentine law, but that's another story — was the culprit, fine £1,000 in London for shoplifting £100-worth of clothes from Harrod's.

"It was the biggest mistake I made in my life," said the apparently suitably chastised 'Pata'.

I say apparently, because once back in Buenos Aires, she brazenly insisted that the whole affair had been trumped up by the English police to "add to the psychological campaign against our players."

Tarantini and partner arrived home to rumours that they were about to split up.

"Can't they ever leave us alone?" moaned ' Garbo' Alberto.

* * *

MENTION of Tarantini and recall of Birmingham leads on to Erwin Van den Vergh. Belgium's centre-forward will NOT be moving to St. Andrew's, despite a near-£400,000 offer. The reason? — "I'm in the middle of building my own house — besides which, I've also just signed a new two-year contract at Lierse."

* * *

ARGENTINA again . . . and a tacit admission after 14 years' cold war that they really were at fault during the 1966 World Cup — that the "animals" tag attached by (then plain) Alf Ramsey wasn't so far off the mark.

The guilty plea is contained in an editorial in the Buenos Aires sports weekly, *El Grafico*.

Reviewing the start of Argentina's short European tour, the magazine noted that a certain spirit was lacking, in the vain attempt to keep England at bay.

The writer continued that at least there was the consolation that Argentina had shown the world its footballers knew how to lose — "unlike those days when they called us 'animals'."

* * *

SPANISH souvenir sellers went all out to cut their losses at the Champions' Cup Final. Along with the Nottingham Forest and Hamburg souvenirs on sale were a large number of Madrid-Hamburg flags from a few weeks before and even a selection of Madrid-Bayern Munich pennants from four years back!

FRANCE

by Andre Duclos

Three strikers make their marks

A thrilling race for the Championship in which Nantes and Saint Etienne battled to the last, chased home by Sochaux. A French Cup in which the Second Division clubs did astonishingly well, no fewer than five of them reaching the last eight. The emergence of no fewer than three magnificent young strikers, all of whom seem good prospects for the 1982 World Cup, at a time when countries all over the world are crying out for such players.

Let us talk first about those three. One of them we have discussed at length already; Yenick Stopyra, whose absence from the last, vital stages of the race surely prevented his club Sochaux from doing even better than they did.

The other two are Philippe Anziani, whom lucky Sochaux also have in their lively attack, and the Saint Etienne star, Laurent Rossey, the most heavily built of the three, as Stopyra is the tallest and lankiest.

To tell the truth, however, the three are remarkable close to one another in physique, just as they are close in age, Stopyra being the oldest, 19 years old last January.

The other two celebrate that birthday later this year, Anziani in September, Roussey not till December. Anziani is the most Latin in style and technique, though all three may be said to be somewhat un-Latin in their superb heading ability. All three have a splendidly aggressive, in the best sense, approach to the game, a spirit of adventure which, alas, has cost them many a hard knock.

They have skill to go with their strength, speed and courage, and it will be a pretty problem for Michel Hidalgo, our selector, which of them eventually to put into the World Cup team, trying to qualify for Spain in 1982. One advantage is that Anziani is what you would essentially call a striking inside-forward, rather than a pure centre-forward. As such, he dovetails nicely with Stopyra.

Talking of goalscorers, an older scorer in this case, Delio Onnis, Monaco's prolific Argentinian, came back with a volley of them after that long and costly absence through injury; no fewer than three in a game at home to Lille, on the same day as Nantes virtually put an end to Sochaux's Championship ambitions with a 3-2 home win. Anziani got a goal for Sochaux and once headed powerfully against a post; but there was no Stopyra.

Onnis would surely have romped away with the goal scoring title had he been fit all season. As it was, he ran neck and neck with the big coloured German Erwin Kostedde, playing his last season for Laval; a veteran once with Standard Liege who had a surprisingly successful season in a far from successful team.

By contrast Carlos Bianchi, another Argentinian, five times the leading scorer in the past with Reims and Paris Saint Germain, had a sad anticlimax of a season with the faltering ex-Champions, Strasbourg, who limped far behind the pacesetters.

Nantes, knocked out of the Cup Winners' Cup by Valencia after winning the first leg, know they must reinforce if they are to do anything of consequence next season. The trouble is, as they're the first to admit, they just can't generate the money.

The veteran Hungarian right winger Fazekas might be within their price range, but when they heard that David Fairclough of Liverpool, always much admired and coveted here since his famous European Cup semi-final goal against Saint Etienne, would cost them £600,000, they fled for the hills.

Abramczyk, the Schalke 04 and West German winger, Sulser of Switzerland were also in their sights, but again the price was too high. The stadium takes only 25,000 fans, and that's hardly enough to raise such sums. Another problem has been the likelihood of the two Argentine players, the Trossero brothers, going home.

Valenciennes did everything they could and perhaps more than they should to keep the coloured Chad right winger, Toko, in their team: to no avail. Toko, who joined them almost by chance this season when he found himself looking for a club, made it clear that he had received offers worth double their own for next season and though he had enjoyed himself with the Northern club he had no intention of staying. He was embarrassed to hear that Valenciennes had launched a public subscription to try to keep him. They have now had to give all the money back.

Talking of young players, the youngest star of all — shades of Serge Chiesa, all those years ago — is Laurent Paganelli, a regular striker in the Saint Etienne team, a member of the France junior attack in the UEFA tournament. The immensely gifted, hugely precocious Paganelli will not be 18 till next October.

A word of praise, meanwhile, for a spendid veteran, Patrick Revelli, once overshadowed as a member of the Saint Etienne attack by his goal scoring brother, Hervé, centre-forward for France, now enjoying an Indian summer as a key member of the Sochaux team.

Michel Platini of France.

When he got to his new club he was told by his manager, Rene Hauss, that the crowd would take to him only if they saw he was really giving his all, because they loved workers. Well, they have truly taken to Revelli, whose energy this season has belied his years. Playing on the left of the attack, he has always been more than ready to chase back and tackle.

One player happy to sign a new three year contract was Bordeaux's Alain Giresse, who has had an outstanding season, and is more than happy to play on for his local team. Captain of the side, playing on the right of the midfield, he has been one of the most consistent figures of this season's Championship, though the team itself has floated in the middle of the table.

This has also been the experience of Laval, whose manager, Polish international Henry Kasperczak, may, like Kostedde, not be there next season. This wouldn't help Laval to recruit, as they hope to do, in Poland.

Kostedde, by the way, is off to Germany after fulfilling a one year contract, and fulfilling it so well that he will surely have no difficulty in picking up the threads of his career in the *Bundesliga*.

by Brian Glanville

Et tu, Rossi . . . it is hard to believe

"SAY it ain't so, Joe?" pleaded the apocryphal small boy with the famous Chicago White Sox star, Shoeless Joe Jackson, on the steps of the courthouse after the "Black Sox" had confessed to throwing the 1919 World Series.

No doubt there were small boys in Milan saying much the same to Paolo Rossi after he had been found guilty by the Italian football authorities of accepting a bribe to help Perugia draw with Avellino; a mere £1100, we are told. That put him out of football — pending appeal — for three years, though it also raised the interesting possibility of acquittal by the criminal court which was due to sit in Rome on June 13 — a circumstance which would enable him not only to come back to play, but to sue the Italian Federation within an inch of their lives.

Judgement

Just under a week later, the same "football court" sat in Milan in judgement on the allegedly fixed game between Juventus, the sublime escapologists of modern football, and Bologna, played last January.

To say I was shocked and dismayed by Rossi's indictment would be an understatement. Whoever would have thought it? I know Rossi, if not well, and have always found him a marvellous oasis of unspoiled modesty, charming good sense, in the maelstrom of Italian football.

Dozens of people have asked me what made him, and other Italian footballers, do it, what made them sell out for minuscule sums, for less than they earned in any week?

Heaven knows, though some kind of explanation was furnished by the Milan team manager, Gacomini, in an outburst on the subject of the players' lack of fibre.

Anybody, he proclaimed, who saw each Christmas their rush for the *panettoni* — the famous bread cakes which are fashionable at that season — would have no difficulty in comprehending their greed when actual money was involved.

Which is another way of saying, as Giacomini clearly meant to, that they are the corrupt product of a corrupt ambience. But Rossi. *Et tu, Rossi* . . . . It seems that the evidence which sunk him was that of the gambler Massimo Cruciani's friend, Bertolucci, who was expected to clear him but dropped him deep in the mire instead.

He testified that Rossi, in Perugia's *ritiro* for the away game with Avellino, was called from the tombola game he was playing in and asked whether he would take part in the fix. Yes, he said, provided he could score a couple of goals. It seems that Rossi's own testimony was given "shyly" and unimpressively.

Three years is a very long time out of any footballer's life, even if he happens like Rossi to be only 23, and unless the NASL pulls out of FIFA, which might, I suppose, happen, then there is just nowhere for Rossi to go.

It's a miserable business, not least for those of us who delight in watching so wonderfully talented a player, perhaps the best Italian centre-forward there has been since the days of Meazza and Piola.

The fiasco of Arsenal's defeat on penalties by Valencia in the European Cupwinners' Cup Final emphasises the impasse which the game has reached, and tempts one to say that if UEFA cannot take their own competitions seriously, then why should anybody else?

An exception should perhaps be made for the European Nations Cup final of 1976, won by the Czechs on penalties at the expense of the Germans. UEFA actually wanted, as I recall, to have a replay, but both teams were so exhausted that they asked that the match be resolved with penalties.

I see that Phil Woosnam was around, trumpeting the merits of the NASL's silly Shoot Out. It has no more to do, organically, with a game than a decision on penalties. Each is totally synthetic and deeply irrelevant. If the naive American crowds are entertained by the idiocy of the shoot out, then well and good.

The sight of a player careering in on a goalkeeper, ball at feet, from some thirty yards out, bent on finishing the job in eight seconds, may bring a glow to the cheek of *sarcker* fans. It still, like the flowers that bloom in the Spring, tra-la, has nothing to do with the case.

It is time that UEFA, FIFA and the rest sat down to work out how to restore authenticity to their competitions; for one day, as sure as death, we are going to have a World Cup Final which is ultimately resolved on penalties; the ultimate fiasco.

Rebellion

It is not so many years ago that teams finishing level on goals in the European and the Cupwinners' Cup automatically went to a play-off on neutral territory. Pressure of games put an end to that and brought in the dubious system of away goals counting double in such circumstances; an arbitrary and essentially desperate move.

But ten years ago, when Chelsea and Real Madrid drew the Cup winners' Final in Athens, at least there was time for a replay; which Chelsea duly won. My own view is that if there is not time for such a replay, then there is no time for a competition; though the Gadarene rush by national associations which should know better to nonsense such as the coming Copa de Oro robs one of hope.

One of these days, perhaps, there will be a kind of slaves' rebellion, gilded slaves though they be; the footballers will find a Spartacus, a new Jimmy Hill come to judgement, and rise up against the abominable burdens which are being placed upon them. Meanwhile, if the legislators cannot see that tournaments such as the British International Championship have now become not only a burden on the players but a fraud on the public they are still more stupid than I take them to be; which seems practically impossible.

The farce of Wales against England, played in the back of beyond at Wrexham, where the 6.05 noddy train to Wolverhampton was besieged like the last boat out of Marseille in 1940, followed by the tedium of England v Northern Ireland, should have been nails in the competition's coffin.

Unless, of course, it is decently restored to the proper playing season. For my own part, I'd much rather see a decent Wales-England match played on a brisk Autumn afternoon in Cardiff than most of the battles of attrition at Wembley which pass for "competitive" international games.

Wingers

Credit where credit is due, though. Leighton James, a player whose career has strangely failed to live up to his immense natural talent, showed us in Wrexham quite triumphantly that wingers live, setting up two of the four Welsh goals and exhilaratingly scoring one himself, operating first on the right wing, then on the left, and making, in the process, the English defenders look like a bunch of costive camels.

James has found his way to Swansea now, after two spells with Burnley and one with Queens Park Rangers. Not only did he run half the length of the field, beating Thompson and Lloyd, to score his goal from the left; he roasted Lloyd to make one on the far post for Walsh, from the right-hand goal-line. I wish England had a winger like James; but then his various clubs must have wished at times they had a winger like the James we saw that hot afternoon at Wrexham.

Another winger who has done remarkably well in his day is the South Korean international Tscha Bum Kun as the West Germans — incorrectly — call him.

Tranquil

His is an extraordinary story; turning up at Christmas, 1978, for what was supposed to be a short spell with Darmstadt, sponsored by a South Korean businessman, playing wonderfully well, moving for a fee ten times higher than the initial one to Eintracht, doing better still; disappearing suddenly to South Korea to report for Military service; coming back to play well, again.

He's a practising Christian who wants to use the money he makes for religious purposes, when he finally retires. Meanwhile, his faith apparently helps him to become wonderfully tranquil before each game.

SCOTLAND

by Alex Gordon

Stein's team go from bad to worse

YOU can tell a Scottish soccer fan by his nervous twitches, his hysterical laughter and the foam that comes readily to his mouth when anyone talks about the World Cup Finals two years ago in Argentina. . . .

Unless you have been living on the moon you will know that another avalanche of bad tidings has swept down on the tartan army and left them teetering on the verge of suicide.

The Home International Championship could be renamed the Moan International Championship after the recent performances of Jock Stein's men. They started in a blaze of mediocrity and got worse.

There's no point in making useless excuses. *Scotland are a bad team at the moment.*

They showed that against Northern Ireland when their feeble challenge was washed away by a line-up comprising players from Mansfield, Luton and Middlesborough Reserves.

Fumbling

Things perked up a bit with a 1-0 victory over the hardly awe-inspiring Welsh team, but gutter level was reached again with a frustrating, fumbling, pathetic display against old rivals England at Hampden.

People — or should I say pussyfoots? — who have said this wasn't a bad performance by the Scots are talking rubbish. The team was disjointed, players didn't seem to know who was supposed to be doing what and to whom, the ball was given away at an astonishing rate, the defence couldn't cope, whenever England decided to break forward and the Scots could hardly string three passes together in the enemy's half.

Remember, England were without three of their top players in Kevin Keegan, Tony Woodcock and Trevor Francis.

God only knows what they would have done to Scotland if they had been able to field their top-strength team. They deserved to win by two clear goals and we shouldn't forget that Iain Munro knocked a Paul Mariner header off the line and the Ipswich man was unlucky with a corkscrew shot that hit the woodwork with the Scottish defence all over the place in the second-half.

If some Scots are satisfied by that performance from their countrymen then I can only say they are easily pleased. Standards have certainly dropped in the last few years.

Memories

The supporters who still awake screaming in the night at the diabolical memories of Argentina could at least be excused a similar nightmare in Spain for '82 because one thing is absolutely certain: Scotland won't be in the Finals in two years if they do not improve drastically.

The shambling outfit that bumped into one another, got caught in exposed spaces and generally looked as though they had just been introduced to a leather sphere known as a football in the Home Championship are going nowhere. Fast!

Archie Gemmill was re-introduced to international soccer by Jock Stein after the Scottish supremo had been impressed by Belgian veteran Wilfred Van Moer in the two European Championship matches against the Scots.

Van Moer was recalled to inspire the youngsters in the team and lead by example. It certainly worked for he was outstanding in his team's 2-0 and 3-1 victories over Scotland, home and away.

It was hoped that Gemmill would provide that same leadership in a Scottish jersey, but the little Birmingham City man, looking tired and jaded, couldn't even lift himself never mind his team-mates in the games against Northern Ireland and England.

His wretched performance against the English can only be rivalled by his display in that never-to-be-forgotten Kamikaze nosedive World Cup game against Iran.

Archie Gemmill (right) tackles England's Steve Coppell during the Home International Championship match at Hampden Park.

Super job

Sorry, Archie, I think you have done a super job for both club and country in the past, but I can't really see you continuing at international level unless there is huge improvement.

Kenny Dalglish, as usual, has come in for a fair bit of criticism and he must be fed up to his back teeth with it all by now. Personally, I would always have him in my team simply because he is one of the best players we have.

Okay, that certainly didn't show in the game against Northern Ireland — and we can't forget that they are in Scotland's World Cup qualifying section — but no Scot showed up well on that occasion.

Dalglish's return ball into space for Aberdeen sweeper Willie Miller to wallop in the only goal of the game against Wales was measured to perfection. What a shame and how odd, though, that Scotland's only goal in those Championships should come from the anchor man of the defence!

Trevor Booking (10) turns away after scoring England's first goal against Scotland at Hampden Park.

Against England, Dalglish had three opportunities to score and missed the lot. On two counts, the ball was lively and he couldn't get it under control swiftly enough as the English rearguard converged on him and on the other occasion he didn't steady himself properly as Joe Jordan slipped a neat pass into his tracks after a bewildering run down the right.

In a Liverpool shirt you might expect Dalglish to burst the net with such openings. Alas, on this occasion with over 85,000 Scots praying for accuracy, Kenny lashed out and must have come close to putting a hole in the airship that was hovering over Hampden that sunny afternoon.

Typical

The crowd knew something was wrong as early as the 15th minute, when they yelled for substitute Andy Gray and with Scotland already trailing to an eight-minute effort by Trevor Brooking. That goal seemed a typical one for this Scotland team to lose. Their covering was nothing short of abysmal.

Dave Johnson was allowed time on the right whenTerry McDermott's accurate side-foot pass came to him. His cross into the box was admired by Alan Rough and Danny McGrain and when Mariner nodded down and into the path of Brooking there was an air of rampant apathy among the Scottish defenders.

McGrain allowed the smooth West Ham general to come from behind him and place the ball away from the stranded Rough who might have come for the cross-ball in the first place. Mariner was just on the six-yard line and I've always believed that an international class goalkeeper should claim those balls in that area. Certainly Ray Clemence, much abused and damned by the Scottish fans, was precise and confident with everything that dropped into his box against the Scots.

Rough, too, must shoulder a lot of the blame for the second goal, but, honestly, you must wonder what the Scottish defenders were thinking about when they allowed Johnson to break free on the right with George Burley making the schoolboy mistake of wrongly claiming a foul and not playing to the referee's whistle.

Johnson's low ball into the box was neatly teed-up for Steve Coppell by Brooking and his first shot was blocked by Rough. He should have held that effort, but he didn't and the ball broke from him and the Manchester United player was allowed time and space to follow up and score.

So, for the third time in three years Coppell has scored the vital goal against Scotland and he must now be thinking that all he needs to do in future internationals against the Scots is to turn up and hang around the penalty area and await the mandatory fumble by a Scottish goalkeeper.

Last year at Wembley it was George Wood who presented him with a gift goal after miserably dropping a Ray Wilkins shot and the previous year at Hampden it was Rough who butter-fingered a cross from Peter Barnes while challenged by Trevor Francis and allowed Coppell to score the only goal of that particular game.

I make no excuses for cataloguing these goals in detail. They are so typical of the ones Scotland have been losing recently and while we continue to throw the ball into our own net we really can't expect to be taken seriously as a football nation.

It's a sad, but accurate, fact of life. There's little point in trying to build a team, playing to a pattern when everyone is looking over his shoulder waiting for the inevitable blunder that will present the opposition with the advantage.

Snipers

It's back to the drawing board for Jock Stein and he knows he must come up with an answer or two. Already there is pressure building on him and the snipers are fixing their sights.

No-one is sacred in football and it's been shown that Mr. Stein doesn't possess a magic formula. There were some who thought he did.

A lot of hard work is needed now to get Scotland back on the rails. When they went down to England the record books showed that, under Stein's management, the team had won only five out of 15 games.

You don't need to have the I.Q. of a budding Albert Einstein to realise that is not good enough. The five victories, by the way, were against Norway (twice), Northern Ireland, Wales and Portugal. Four of those wins were at Hampden.

You've got to try to take some good from the bad, I suppose, and if there is anything that can put a smile on the faces of the Scottish fans it must be the displays of Strachan against Wales and England. He had a lot of the ball against the Irish, too, but nothing came from it.

However, against Wales and England, he looked good and, what's more important, he wanted to run the show. Basically, he was doing the job Gemmill should have been doing. Strachan can make the place his own at Gemmill's expense if he keeps up this startling rate of progress.

Position

When Stein took off Roy Aitken against England and replaced him with £1½ million worth of lethargy, Andy Gray, I felt sorry for the big Celtic man, who was being played out of position in the first place.

In fact, Stein could have taken off anyone and put on Gray. I believe Aitken was at least giving more than Gemmill in drive and determination.

I was surprised the fans didn't start hollering for Aitken to come back on again when Gray went on and looked thoroughly disinterested. I can only hope Gray wasn't fully fit. This was not the sort of display one would normally associate with Britain's costliest footballer. It was hardly shock news when he pulled out of the squad that flew to Poland and Hungary after the Hampden flop.

Alex McLeish demonstrated that he is a better centre-back than a mid-fielder and I feel this is where his international future lies. I'm still not convinced about Paul Hegarty, of Dundee United, at this level.

Anyway, Scotland have until September 10 and the opening World cup-tie against Sweden to make every attempt to get their house in order.

One thing is certain. Their recent displays, bouncing with boring predictability from disaster to disaster when the chips are down, won't be tolerated by the Scottish fans much longer.

Following Scotland, like smoking, can seriously damage your health. I suppose they might start issuing Government Health Warnings with every ticket for future Scottish international games!

SWITZERLAND

by Arthur Rotmil

Bribery scandal hits the Swiss

PEACEFUL and orderly Switzerland was stunned by a bribery attempt in the Second Division and a bottle thrown at international central defender Gianpiero Zappa of FC Zurich, which resulted in a relatively mild fine for FC Sion whose supporter was apparently the culprit.

In the championship the first game was completed and after 26 matches the top six clubs went into a final play-off taking half the points total with them.

But the biggest publicity was given to the acts of misdemeanour so uncharacteristic of this law-abiding country. It appears that an official of relegation threatened FC Wettingen has tried (or succeeded!) in bribing local rivals FC Aarau to allow his club to win 7-2. One local newspaper claimed that the game was manipulated. The team manager and several players were alleged to have received substantial sums of money. The fact remains that Wettingen won relatively easily.

Especially the performance of Aarau's captain and goalkeeper Max Richner (31) was suspect. He slipped when letting in the first goal and later let the ball pass between his legs. Apparently before the match there was already talk of bribery. Aarau's team manager, Paul Stehrenberger, who between 1972 and 1976 was coach to Wettingen and is since 1977 at Aarau, is supposed to have been contacted and offered money. Stehrenberger informed the board which notified the League. The team chief on the other hand defended his goalkeeper who was apparently "under great mental strain".

The League then launched extensive investigations; Wettingen were found guilty and paid a £2,500 fine. The club official Josef Hassler paid a fine of £500 and was suspended for 12 months. Wettingen's player-manager, Hans Kodric must also pay £500 and is banned for six months.

The second case, the infamous bottle throw, occurred at the match FC Sion v. Zurich. In the 11th minute Zurich's international centre-back Zappa was hit on the head by a full beer bottle hurled from the terraces. He had to be taken to hospital, but fortunately suffered no after effects. Zappa had to rest for a few days. Sion as the home club were fined £1,500 — a penalty described as "laughable" by the majority of the Swiss papers.

Zurich protested against the result of the match (3-2 to Sion) but their plea was rejected. The club even took legal steps to get the game annulled and the injury to their defender being compensated for, but in vain. The Football Federation's commission explained their verdict with the comment that there was no direct proof that the culprit was a Sion supporter. Therefore no other action, but the fine against the home club responsible for keeping order in their stadium could be imposed.

Punched

FC Zurich were also in trouble with authority. Their ground was closed for one match on account of disturbances during the League game against St. Gallen. About 100 rowdies stormed the pitch after a sending off and a linesman was punched; on the way home the referee and linesmen were threatened by a motorist who tried to ram their car on the highway. It turned out that this hooligan was a former referee himself!

The first phase of the championship ended with the six leading clubs as expected getting through to the play-off. They took half the points with them, which were rounded off upwards and this produced the following line-up: (points and in brackets the number taken into play-off). 1. Servette 39 (20); Basel 37 (19); Grasshoppers 36 (18); Lucerne 32 (16); FC Zurich 31 (16); and Sion 31 (16).

Gates were slightly down on last season, an average of 5,725 per match. The best supported team were promoted Lucerne with 11,757 per home game, followed by Basel (8,730), St. Gallen (7,323) and Servette (7,053).

Leading goalscorers: Sulser (Grasshoppers) 18; Risi (Lucerne) and Seiler (Zurich) 17 each; Barberis (Servette), Kok (Lausanne), Lauscher (Basel) and Maissen (Basel) 13 each. The relegated clubs are Lugano and Chaux-de-Fonds. The play-off between the big six was staged between May 31 and June 30 — that meant ten matches in just 30 days, a tremendous programme for players most of whom are part-timers.

Servette the championship favourites won the first trophy of the season, the League Cup. The Geneva club beat Grasshoppers in the final by 3-0. The SFV Cup was won by FC Sion who defeated Young Boys on their own ground 2-1. Before a crowd of 45,000 (including some 25,000 travelling Sion fans) at Bern's Wankdorf stadium, the team led by the former international Daniel Jeandupeux triumphed with goals from Balet and Mathez.

Success

This was a marvellous success for Jeandupeux in his first season as a team manager. He spent his last active year playing for Girondins Bordeaux in France, until a broken leg ended his career. By an odd coincidence, both team managers Jeandupeux and Konietzka (Young Boys) were team mates at FC Zurich with whom they even won Cup winners medals in 1972, and again a year later when Konietzka was player-manager. And by another twist of fate both are leaving their clubs: Jeandupeux is in fact taking over at Zurich — Konietzka takes charge of local rivals Grasshoppers.

Jeandupeux has done really well with Sion who in their third Cup final won the silver "pot" for the third time. Sion are a modest club run on a shoe-string budget and they have to sell players each summer in order to survive. The team plays simple uncomplicated football with every player capable in defence as well as in attack in their version of "total football".

The club will represent Switzerland in next season's Cup Winners Cup, but whether they can make an impact is rather debatable. For one, a new team manager must be found, for another, some players may be leaving for richer clubs. Their outstanding men are the international Valentini, Mathez, at the back, and Brigger and the veteran Luisier up front.

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TIMES CHANGE BUT DO THEY STAND STILL?

by Ken Goldman

THE editorial to the March edition of *FIFA News* carried details of several proposed law changes, involving alterations to the penalty kick arrangements; unification of the laws as they particularly relate to countries such as the USA, who have different ideas on pitch markings and how to end matches, as well as in relation to the surface of the pitches themselves; and finally the vexed question of spitting.

The penalty change involved allowing the goalkeeper to move his feet along the goal-line before the kick is taken. Sir Stanley Rous, in a passionate plea in the May edition of *FIFA News* argued strongly against allowing this novel idea, emphasising that the punishment should fit the crime and that to allow the goalkeeper to move would give the goalkeeper an even greater advantage.

In the event FIFA turned down the suggestion and justice was clearly seen to be done.

I was in favour of Sir Stanley's plea and indeed bow to no one in my undying admiration for his work over the years. But I do feel that he goes too far in his plea, which I also heard him make at this year's Referee's Eve of the Final Rally. He says that the laws which he codified are so good that they do not need changing and are unlikely to need changing.

Re-written

I wholeheartedly agree that almost all the laws should be permitted to stand but, for example, the Offside Law already slightly changed in recent seasons, could still be re-written in simplified and more coherent language.

To be wholly accurate Sir Stanley does say in his *FIFA News* piece that if changes are thought to be necessary they should be made after "consultation and experiment with players' and referees' associations" and this must obviously be the most sensible suggestion.

There was, however, the change on spitting which has caused so many misquotes in recent weeks. The law was that spitting is violent conduct, but it was formerly punishable by an indirect free kick. A player could be sent off for it, but the award was indirect even in the penalty area, but since FIFA's meeting the law has been brought into line with the other penal offences and a penalty can be awarded or a direct free kick if outside the "box".

It is a fallacy to say that only after this last meeting can a player be sent off for the offence, because it has always been so from the time the offence was codified into violent conduct.

One law which has not been altered and ought to be, relates to shirts or jerseys. There is nothing to say that the numbering has to be legible to the spectators, as a consequence of which at some matches with modern shirts you cannot pick out players by their numbers and the constant stupidity of changing shirt numbers from that printed in the programme should be abolished as quickly as possible.

I would like to see all numbers being in black on a white background, or white on a black background; players refused leave to change from say number six to number five from the printed programme when they are indeed the same players and are not proper team changes but merely positional changes and the American system introduced and copied by Scotland in the recent Home International series, of having the name of the player emblazoned on the back of the shirt and on the shorts if at all possible.

I have long had the same idea as Brian Glanville, expressed by him recently, of the futility of teams changing colours from their traditional ones where there is no apparent colour clash. It would be better to follow another American idea, this time American Football where the away team always wears white, thus making it immediately apparent to everyone who is the away side.

Finally a change with a difference and this one relates to the shape of things to come. Tottenham Hotspur recently unveiled plans for a brand new stand costing an estimated £3m. It is the costliest, largest single project ever entered into by Spurs, despite payments out on Ardilles and Villa and now Archibald.

There will be 72 luxury boxes with accommodation in the stand for seating for 7000 spectators, which slightly increases the seating capacity but reduces correspondingly the standing capacity.

Spurs see this as a way to increase their income in these difficult financial days and they expect to accumulate the sum of £30,000 for each of the boxes in each of three years, tied to a contract, which will go a long way to ensuring viability for the project and alleviate the building costs, which should tend to avoid the pitfalls which befell Chelsea and to a limited extent Sheffield United in their ambitious plans.

The Directors of Spurs also hope that the project will only take about 14 months and will secure greater all round income for the club especially as they plan to continue with the sponsorship schemes they have already introduced.

It may well be that the sponsorship of matches has led to the present scheme being brought forward by a couple of years and it will certainly mean that Spurs' facilities will be almost the best in the country and this should give them quite an edge if any Super League is introduced whereby ground conditions become relevant, as they presently do in the new Alliance League.

Blotted

Another hitherto outstanding soccer personality has for me blotted his copybook in the last few weeks. He is Jimmy Hill for whom I have a great admiration, especially for what he has achieved in the game at all levels.

Recently he has been giving referees and the laws of the game some "stick" and getting things wrong. Firstly he started with Cup Final Referee George Courteny, in the match with Coventry and Manchester United.

While Courteny's signal for a free kick left much to be desired it was clearly not a signal for an indirect free kick, the law of which was modified at the beginning of the 1979/80 season. Now the referee has to hold his arm above his head until the ball is touched by the player who has received it from the kicker.

Clearly Courteny did not give the signal as such and Coventry quite rightly conceded a goal direct. It was wrong to imply that Courteny had given a signal that could be interpreted as indirect unless one did not know the full purport of the law.

Secondly, Mr Hill failed to see the penalty whereby the Greek goalkeeper tripped the Dutch player in their European Nations Cup match and gave the impression that Holland were lucky to achieve the award.

Anyone who saw the replay from behind the goal and has refereed even a season's football would have unhesitatingly given a penalty and the BBC's counterparts on ITV spotted the penalty in much quicker time and had virtually no doubts about it.

When Butch Wilkins scored England's goal against Belgium in the same competition, Mr Hill mused on the idea that two other of England's players were offside. Here we have the old chestnut that if a player is playing the ball himself and does not attempt to pass it other players cannot be offside.

The same thing happened in a World Cup third place play-off some years ago and would be one of the parts of the offside law that I would reword.

However, as the law stands there could never be an offside decision and Mr Hill was "not quite right" again.

In many ways therefore times are changing but with hooliganism, raging inflation, dreary match play, defensive tactics and a certain loss of interest in our national game (all problems which have been with us for some while now) one wonders whether time doesn't just in fact simply stand still.

Ricardo Villa

Cup reaches semi fin

THE semi-final line-up for the Libertadores Cup, between the five group winners and holders Olimpia, is Velez Sarsfield (Argentina), Internacional (Brazil) and America (Colombia) in group one and O'Higgins (Chile), Olimpia (Paraguay) and Nacional (Uruguay) in group two with the two group winners then playing the two-legged final.

In the 61 first round group matches 146 goals were scored – an average of 2.4 per game – and two teams remained unbeaten in the six matches – Argentina's Velez Sarsfield and River Plate in group one, but the latter, nevertheless, were eliminated on goal difference. Velez, River and Nacional got most points – 10 out of 12 – Nacional scored most goals (14), Velez had the best defence (two goals against), Peru's Atletico Chalaco the worst (14 goals) and Venezuela's Tachira was the only team out of 20 to get no points nor goals.

But most curious was the situation in group 5 in which all four teams finished with identical records of two wins, two draws and two defeats and Chile's O'Higgins qualified with a superior goal difference of one – the first time this has happened in the 21-year history of the competition.

Group 1

There is little doubt that River Plate, in their eighth appearance in the competition, had the strongest playing squad of any club which qualified this year, but frequently they did not play as a team and their weakest department was in the worst possible place for Libertadores Cup fighting – in defence. Their elimination by a one-goal difference may not be conclusive – their goals record was 10-3 against Velez's 10-2 - but it showed that with better forwards River Plate could not score more goals, frequently lacking team work and backing from behind while their defence often let them down and they would have had more goals against if it hadn't been for World Cup keeper Fillol.

Velez Sarsfield, on the other hand, with tighter defence (which only let through, rather stupidly, two goals against weak Atletico Chalaco of Peru when leading 5-0 and becoming careless) also showed better team-work, but hardly the better team and qualified for the semi-finals at their first attempt in the competition.

In the final group match the poor state of the Velez Sarsfield pitch, due to heavy rain, made good soccer impossible and River Plate, obviously the better ball players, gradually became bogged down in the mud. Velez had more goal chances and only another good performance by Fillol kept the 0-0 score intact which left both teams level at the top of the table. Rules called for a play-off within 72 hours in this case because both teams were from the same country.

This again ended 0-0 after 90 minutes during which River Plate lacked team-work, but did have more chances against a poor Velez team who were, however, the better stayers. Damiano – ending as group top scorer jointly with team-mate Sanabria on five – scored the first goal in three cup meetings between the two clubs when he put Velez ahead in the third minute of extra time – after 273 minutes – which made it virtually safe for his team due to their one goal advantage so that Ramon Diaz's equaliser three minutes from the end came too late to make any difference.

River Plate players admitted afterwards that they were not really beaten by Velez Sarsfield for a semi-final place but by their own ineptitude to score more goals against weak Atletico Chalaco in their group games.

Group 2

Group 2 was pretty close while Uruguayan teams played their matches in Bolivia, but when the latter's Oriente Petrolero and The Strongest travelled to Uruguay for their final group games they lost their chance against Nacional who wrapped up their schedule with three wins and a 10-0 record, Victorino and Morales scoring four each to top the group scorers with that total. Defensor, eliminated from contention when losing 3-0 to compatriots Nacional, nevertheless helped by holding the Bolivian teams to 1-1 draws at home which made Nacional's final three-point lead more conclusive.

Nacional range rings around Bolivian champions, Oriente Petrolero, whose defence held out for 35 mintues but then let through five goals. It was tougher against The Strongest because, although on top, the Uruguayan forwards lacked penetration and when Nacional finally went ahead 12 mintues after half time it was with a doubtful penalty. The incident resulted in a Bolivian player being sent off and The Strongest, who lost 2-0, never had a chance to fight back as two more of their players got marching orders.

SOUTH AMERICA by Eric Weil

CSF CONGRESS

AT the annual congress of the South American Football Confederation (CSF), held in Buenos Aires at the beginning of May, the important decisions taken were:

•The CSF will propose Rear Admiral Alberto Lacoste of Argentina — the guiding light behind the organisation of the 1978 World Cup finals — as one of the FIFA vice-presidents to replace Chile's Juan Goni who has held the position for 14 years.

•The fourth Junior World Cup finals will be held in Ecuador in 1983. It being South America's turn to stage the event, Argentina and Paraguay had also put in a request, but eventually withdrew in favour of Ecuador and FIFA's idea to hold these tournaments in countries not in the soccer limelight.

•The next South American Junior Championship will also be held in Ecuador before March 7 next year. The top two teams in this tournament qualify for the next Junior World Cup finals to be held in Australia next year while the third-placed team will play off for another place with Israel and New Zealand.

Not accepted were modifications of the South American (nations) Championship proposed by Argentina in the sense that they should count as qualfying tournaments for the World Cup, that they should be held every two years instead of every four and that all teams, except the champions, should play each other in the first stage — possibly in one country — and then the top three with the champion in the final stage . . . strange proposals coming from Argentina who turned their backs on last year's championship by fielding a virtual B team.

FIFA president Joao Havelange, who attended the Congress, mentioned that last year's Junior World Cup in Japan left a profit of nine million dollars — twice as much as the senior World Cup in Argentina in 1978 which also originated a loss to FIFA of 280,000 dollars on exchange rates due to delayed payment.

THE MYSTERIOUS LEAGUE OF IRELAND TEAM

The League of Ireland's tour of Argentina started with a bang and in the end fizzled out like a damp Christmas cracker.

Billed everywhere as the Irish Republic's national team (oblivious to the fact that the Republic of Ireland played Switzerland and Argentina in Europe during the same time) — except by the English language daily Buenos Aires Herald which put things into perspective — the League XI faced the might of Argentina in a full international and lost only 1-0 . . . and if it had not been for an outstanding display by Maradona, scorer of the only goal after 12 mintues, at the River Plate stadium, they might have even gained a 0-0 draw or better.

True, the Argentine team, about to leave for a European tour, did not line up three River Plate players — defenders Passarella and Tarantini and forward Luque — who only two days earlier had played a vital extra-time Libertadores Cup match, but Luque would have been left out anyway due to loss of form and it was the first teamers, such as Barbas, Calderon, Valencia and others who let the side down rather than the replacements for absentees.

Essentially the Irish team, who had come to give as good an account of themselves as possible against what appeared overwhelming odds, defended and luck was with them on a number of occasions, but even so Argentina only looked dangerous when Maradona had the ball.

Next the Irish semi-pros went to the province of Rio Negro to face Cipolletti, a non-league team which had won through to the national championship proper last year but finished bottom in its group, so it came as a surprise when Cipolletti won 1-0 with a goal scored after only two minutes while in the second half scorer Flores and Irish defender Kelly were sent off. Two days later came revenge when they beat Cipoletti 2-1.

Then the Irish were talked into taking part in a four-team tournament in Rosario organised by players of the three Argentine clubs taking part for financial gain while the championship was in recess due to Argentina's European tour. Their first rivals were first division leaders Newell's Old Boys who however missed three internationals — Simon, Gallego and Santamaria — who were on tour.

But while it was a poor match, it produced another relatively good performance by the Irish who might have won as they had the better chances. A 53-minute Newell's goal was equalised with a 74-minute penalty by Campbell who had been held by his arm in the area. Then McConnel hit a post and two other scoring chances went to waste.

With the 90-minute score 1-1, post-match penalties had to be taken as this was a knock-out. The first series of five penalties each finished 3-3 as Newell's sent one shot wide and had one saved by Smyth while Jackson, Mimmock and Buckley converted for the Irish and Campbell and MacConville had shots saved by Civarelli. Then, with one penalty each to decide, Eviston scored for Ireland and

al stage

Group 3

A surprise may have been on the cards when unfancied Venezuelan vice-champions Galicia travelled to Brazil for their last two games with a two-point lead over Porto Alegre's Interncaional and three over Rio's Vasco da Gama, but the first day's play, when Inter and Vasco beat Tachira and Galicia respectively by 4-0 scores, virtually put paid to this.

The vital decider took Galaicia to Porto Alegre where heavy rain and mud reduced the Brazilian team's potential. The rough match almost ended in a draw with Falcao and Jair only scoring in the last seven minutes for Inter's 2-0 victory, helped by Galicia having two players sent off. In Rio, Vasco, who could have benefited only if Inter had failed to win, just beat Tachira 1-0, leaving the Venezuelan champions pointless, but with five of their six defeats coming only by 1-0.

Internacional are different from most Brazilian teams. They fight more for the ball and their continual rotation has earned them the name "red round-about". They won the Brazilian championship under new coach Enio Andrade, their strongest department being midfield with Falcao (considered Brazil's best player) and Batista, both internationals.

Velez Sarsfield's Asad, Gastro and club president (left to right) celebrate after the Libertadores Cup group one play-off with River Plate which put Velez into the semi-finals.

Group 5

With one match to go each in this group – in which no team stood out all-Chilean champions Colo Colo were always expected to do so – all four teams were level on five points with only goal difference separating them. When Colo Colo and Paraguay's Sol de America played to a 1-1 draw in Santiago they eliminated each other, leaving the winner of the other match to start in Rancague, 90 km away, a few hours later to go through – or home team O'Higgins on superior goal difference in case of a draw. There were no goals and O'Higgins qualified for the semi-finals for the first time with a difference of one goal over their rivals of the evening, Paraguay's Cerro Porteno.

O'Higgins go through

The League of Ireland team which played in Argentina.

Demagistris for Newell's, Gregory scored for Ireland and Smyth stopped Acosta's shot to give the Irish team a 5-4 win.

The final was scheduled for the following Sunday against the other Rosario first division team, Central, which had beaten River Plate – also depleted by touring internationals – 2-1 in the other match. But gate receipts had been poor and after hanging about for a week in Rosario – not the most exciting of towns at the best of times – the Irish had still not been paid when kick-off time came. Lengthy negotiations delayed the start and the League of Ireland finally took the field – again in front of a very small crowd which was charged more than for first division matches to get in – under the promise that payment would be made at half-time.

Whether they got paid the promised amount at half-time or went out for the second half to play under protest remains a mystery. The fact is that Central, not far off the bottom of the first division, ran rings round them in the second half to win 6-1 after leading 2-0 at half-time. Flanagan scored the Irish team's goal 10 minutes from the end to make it 5-1 and one conclusion to be drawn from this tour is that the Irish team seemed to play up or down to the level of the opposition.

ELSEWHERE . . . .

•ECUADOR has engaged Argentine coach Roberto Saporiti to prepare the national team for next year's World Cup qualifying matches. He was reported to receive 120,000 dollars for going there and 10,000 a month. Saporiti coached Talleres Cordoba last year and Rosario Central this season, leaving the latter by mutual agreement before his contract expires.

•BOLIVIA, announcing a series of international matches for this year – more than they usually play – in preparation for next year's World Cup qualifying matches against Brazil and Venezuela, have two matches scheduled against China in early December in La Paz and Santa Cruz.

★ ★ ★

•COLUMBIA was unlikely to take part in the Olympic soccer tournament at press time because the country's Olympic committee was going to declare all its players professionals . . . which they are. Colombia had qualified for the Games together with Argentina in a tournament in their country earlier this year which seems to have been of little use . . . except to test Colombia's organising ability in view of the 1986 World Cup finals there. Argentina, who were also composed of pros, is not going to Moscow because the country has joined the boycott.

★ ★ ★

•PERU's efforts to sign a foreign coach to prepare their team for World Cup qualifying games against Colombia and Uruguay next year continue to run into difficulties. A Peruvian FA official signed up Argentina coach Carlos Cavagnaro and physical training coach Enrique Kistenmacher, but press opposition was so strong that the FA finally had to give in. Much travelled Cavagnaro's character and frequent problems with players and even Argentine national team coach Menotti were the main point of the opposition. The FA stated that Cavagnaro was going to be paid 70,000 dollars to sign, 4,300 dollars a month, a house, car and 50,000 dollars if Peru reaches the World Cup finals.

Peru had already unsuccessfully tried to get Argentines Juan Carlos Lorenzo and Humberto Maschio, Brazilians Oswaldo Brandau and "Lobo" Zegalo, Spain's Hector Real and Hungary's Lajos Baroti.

EINTRACHT QUEST ENDS AT LAST!

by Keir Radnedge

EINTRACHT FRANKFURT ended their 20-year quest for European glory in triumphant, but ironic, fashion.

For one thing, their bid to conquer a **European** competition found them faced in the final by a team from . . . West Germany, holders Borussia Moenchengladbach.

Then, their most outstanding player for the past 15 years, Jürgen Grabowski, couldn't lead his men into action because of an injury suffered in a league game against . . . Borussia.

Finally, Frankfurt didn't in fact manage to score better — they just happened to benefit from the away goal rule — and then it was only nine minutes from end of the second leg, and thanks to a substitute.

But that shouldn't take anything away.

For 20 years most of Europe has been willing them to win something, to collect some tangible prize as a belated reward for their part in the 1960 Champions' Cup Final against Real Madrid.

Yet that Frankfurt have not, during their long history, ever been recognised as a major force in German domestic football. They've always been a club of potential, able only to make life tough for the best rather than join them. They needed this UEFA Cup win to grab some corporate self-confidence.

Frankfurter Sportgemeinde Eintracht came into being on May 1, 1899, in due course becoming members of the German Division I (Southern section) in the old regional league days. They were mid-table maestros — never relegated, yet qualifying for the inter-sectional play-off series only twice.

The first time, in 1930, they made no impact. But the second time, two years later, they reached the grand final, only to lose 2-0 to Bayern Munich. Right-half then was Rudi Gramlich, who would captain Germany to their infamous defeat by Norway in front of Hitler at the 1936 Olympics. Later Gramlich, surviving that disaster, went on to become Frankfurt's president at the time of the 1960 European Cup charge.

FRANKFURT'S 1980 UEFA CUP WIN

1st Round
1-1 v Aberdeen — Cha
1-0 — Aberdeen — Hölzenbein
2-1 on agg.

2nd round
0-2 v Dinamo Bucharest
3-2 aet v Dinamo Bucharest — Cha, Hölzenbein, Nickel.
4-3 on agg.

3rd round
4-0 v Feyenoord — Cha, Nickel, Müller, Lottermann
0-1 v Feyenoord
4-1 on agg.

Quarter finals
4-1 v Zbrojovka Brno — Nachtweih, Lorant pen., Nickel, Karger
2-3 v Zbrojovka Brno — Karger, Neuberger
6-4 on agg.

Semi-finals
0-2 v Bayern Munich
5-1 aet v Bayern Munich — Pezzey 2, Karger 2, Lorant pen.

Final:
2-3 v Borussia Mg (holders) — Karger, Hölzenbein
1-0 v Borussia Mg — Schaub
away goals — 3-3 on agg.

After the war Frankfurt had to rebuild their stadium in the Riederwald, raising the cash by special appeal in 1949, and completing the first stage of development with a 32,000 capacity three years later. Now the Waldstation holds 61,000 and is a regular international venue.

Gradually, the team began to pick itself up too, inspired by skipper and inside-left, Alfred Pfaff played seven times for West Germany, developing from a goalscorer to a general and forming a dangerous left-right link with outside-right Richard Kress, who would play nine times for his country between 1954 and 1961.

Third in the South in 1957-58, Frankfurt were first the following season to qualify for the grand finals. Winning all six first-round games, they landed the West German title for the first time thanks to a dramatic 5-3 win over Kickers Offenbach in extra time before a 75,000 crowd in Berlin's Olympic stadium.

Frankfurt made a glorious start with a goal inside 40 seconds from Hungarian exile Istvan Sztani, who later scored a second to add to a hat-trick from Eckehard Feigenspan. It was a brilliantly appropriate way to end a brilliant season — and Frankfurt's overall goal tally of 102:38 in 37 games tells its own story.

Sztani left for Standard Liege and was replaced by Erwin Stein, who thus — despite continuing on amateur forms — ended his chances of leading West Germany's attack at the Rome Olympics in 1960. But then, Stein had something more to look forward to, the Champions' Cup.

Palloseura of Finland withdrew in the first round, Young Boys' Berne went down 4-1, 1-1 and Wiener Sportklub 2-1, 1-1. Almost without realising it, Frankfurt's team of veteran inspiration had reached a semi-final tie against Glasgow Rangers.

The Scots fancied their chances. The incentive was a place in the final in Hampden Park. But Frankfurt never allowed them a look-in, winning 6-1 in Frankfurt and 6-3 in Glasgow.

The final meant facing holders Real Madrid, and it made history. Kress scored first for Frankfurt and Stein later hit two more — but the Di Stefano and Puskas-inspired Spanish club swept to a 7-3 victory. Frankfurt, who had never played so well, were out of Europe . . .

They hadn't qualified for the domestic inter-regional finals, finishing only third, and though in 1961 they did qualify for the finals they found Hamburg in unstoppable mood in their qualifying group. The following year Frankfurt were in the finals again, but their fate was sealed when they lost their first match 3-1 to Köln. Stein's five goals in the 8-1 thrashing of Pirmasens was poor consolation, as Köln went on to the title.

In 1963 Frankfurt failed to qualify but that didn't prevent them earning the right to become one of the founder-members of the Bundesliga and a pleasurably surprising third place behind Köln and MSV Duisburg. Kress was still there, aided by the Austrian centre-forward Willi Huberts and the lively young left-winger Wolfgang Solz.

Having missed glory in the league, they just missed out in the Cup as well, losing 2-0 to TSV 1860 Munich in the final. Munich, of course, went on next year to share Europe's appreciation for their part in the Cup-winners' final at Wembley against West Ham.

By now the old team has virtually disintegrated. Friedel Lutz was still in defence — after a brief move to 1860 Munich — and there was still Dieter Stinka at left-half, Dieter Lindner at inside-forward, and Stein up front.

But a 5-4 aggregate defeat by Kilmarnock in the Fairs' Cup just underlined the need for the clear-out which followed in the summer of 1965.

Paul Oszwald, the 1960 coach, and his assistant Ivica Horvath, the former Yugoslav Olympic stopper, were replaced by Elek Schwartz from Benfica. Sztani was bought back from Standard Liege, a new goalkeeper arrived named Peter Kunter and from Biebrich 02 Frankfurt picked up a blond

The players

(Staff 1979-80)

JÜRGEN PAHL. Goalkeeper. Born Feb. 17, 1956, in Halle, East Germany. Defected from the East German national youth team during a tour in Turkey four years ago. Signed immediately for Frankfurt though a FIFA ban prevented him playing for 18 months. Played in East Germany for Chemie Halle. In and out of the Frankfurt team but was one of the heroes in the UEFA Cup win.

KLAUS FUNK. Goalkeeper. Born Feb. 21, 1954. Signed last summer from Stuttgart. Also suffered from inconsistent form. Previous clubs YSV Ittlingen and VfR Heilbronn.

HORST EHRMANNTRAUT. Full back. Born Dec. 11, 1955. Signed last year from Homburg. Began career with SV Einöd. Frankfurt had great hopes of him, but it took most of the season before he earned a regular run.

RIGOBERT GRÜBER. Defender. Born May 14, 1961. Joined from Blau-Weiss Worms in 1978.

KARL-HEINZ KÖRBEL. Centre-back. Born Dec. 1, 1954. Has been with Frankfurt eight years, since turning pro and quitting FC Dossenheim. Six caps for West Germany, nine at B-level, five amateur and 30 youth appearances.

HELMUT MÜLLER. Right-back. Born April 12, 1953. Joined from FC Weissenthurm seven years ago and has a reputation as a hard full-back to get past, as well as one who enjoys attacking. Three amateur internationals.

WILLI NEUBERGER. Utility defender. Born April 15, 1946. One of the veterans. Joined from Wuppertaler in 1974 after spells with Werder Bremen and Borussia Dortmund — where he was an outside-left. Played several years in midfield for Frankfurt before switching to sweeper. Then, towards the end of last season he settled in another new role, as full-back. Two senior caps, one B and four under-23.

WOLFGANG TRAPP. Defender. Born Aug. 1, 1957. One of Frankfurt's few junior section products. Joined the club at 15 in 1972 and won two youth caps.

BRUNO PEZZEY. Stopper or sweeper. Born Feb. 2, 1955. Has won around 40 caps for Austria and was one of Europe's most in-demand players after the 1978 World Cup. Frankfurt had already established a deal with Pezzey before the finals and despite the

EINTRACHT FRANKFURT

Founded: May 1, 1899.
W. German championship: 1959.
Cup: 1974, 1975.
UEFA Cup: 1980.
President: Achaz von Thümen.
Manager: Udo Klug.
Coach: Lothar Buchmann.
Club membership: 4,200. Stadium: Waldstadion (61,000 capacity).
Other sports: basketball, boxing, ice hockey, handball, hockey, athletics, rugby, table tennis, tennis, volleyball.

EINTRACHT IN EUROPE

		P	W	D	L	F	A
1959 60	Champions' Cup	7	4	2	1	23	15
1964 65	Fairs' Cup	2	1	0	1	4	5
1966 67	Fairs' Cup	10	6	2	2	26	13
1967 68	Fairs' Cup	2	0	0	2	0	5
1968 69	Fairs' Cup	6	2	3	1	7	4
1972 73	UEFA Cup	2	0	1	1	0	2
1974 75	Cup winners' Cup	4	1	1	2	8	7
1975 76	Cup winners' Cup	8	7	0	1	20	8
1977 78	UEFA Cup	8	5	1	2	20	5
1979 80	UEFA Cup	12	6	1	5	23	14
	Total	61	32	11	18	131	78

A heading duel between Koerbel (Eintracht Frankfurt, right) and Nickel of Moenchengladbach during the UEFA Cup Final in Frankfurt.

gazelle of a footballer named Jürgen Grabowski.

"An undoubted star of the future," I wrote of Grabowski at the time in *World Soccer,* a prediction which would happily come true, though the fact was a painful one for English football, remembering the way Grabowski appeared as substitute to turn the 1970 World Cup quarter-final upside down.

For 15 years Grabowski was the inspiration. First a right-winger, then the midfield general — and a sad loss to the Bundesliga now that he has confirmed the threat made last year to retire.

Yet despite even Grabowski's brilliance, Frankfurt could never provide the right mix of players around him despite signing a string of big names who included the Yugoslav defender Fahrudin Jusufi (now new coach at Schalke), the Austrian winger Thomas Parits, another Yugoslav in Dragoslav Stepanovic (later Manchester City), and the Swiss forward Rudi Elsener — who lasted barely a season in 1978-79.

Even the biggest coup, Bruno Pezzey, the Austrian World Cup star, has proved controversial following his two costly expulsions this past season.

In domestic football Frankfurt have always been in the top half of the table — except for 1970-71 when they plummeted to 15th, but without seriously threatening the establishment. And a string of coaches have come and gone.

Dietrich Weise was the most successful. Under his guidance Frankfurt won the Cup in 1974 and 1975. The first time they beat Hamburg 3-1 after extra time — a goal from Bernd Hölzenbein, enshrined too as a World Cup hero — pushing them ahead in extra time, then they defeated MSV Duisburg 1-0, thanks to a solitary goal from Karl-Heinz Körbel.

But one year more and Weise was on his way. Assistant Dieter Roos didn't last a season, and his replacement — the controversial Hungarian Gyula Lorant — stayed even less time. Remarkably, Frankfurt released Lorant to Bayern Munich in exchange for their Dettmar Cramer, in between the two legs of a UEFA Cup tie between the clubs in the middle of 1977-78!

To make the situation even more bizarre, Frankfurt also played Bayern in the league at the same time, winning 4-0 before claiming a 5-2 aggregate UEFA Cup success!

Cramer would be soon off to Saudi Arabia and stability arrived only in the shape of general manager Udo Klug, the man who landed Pezzey.

The Austrian will, it is hoped, take over the leadership role held by Grabowski. But he'll have to curb his temper if he is to live up to the hopes of not only the fans but several former players now in senior positions in and around the corridors of power.

Men such as former goalkeeper Peter Kunter — the "most famous dentist in Germany", as he was known — and Dieter Lindner, a potential candidate for club president in the next couple of years.

Lindner was inside-right in the 1960 team beaten by Real Madrid. That being so, he could hardly have timed his return to action in the club any better.

The sort of fortune he obviously brings Frankfurt's fans will want to see him staying around!

THE COACH

THE new man in charge is Lothar Buchmann, signed up from Stuttgart where he blotted his copybook by standing up to the whims of national team midfield star, Hansi Müller.

The situation had become so fraught that only the departure of one of the men could ease the atmosphere. Predictably, it was the coach who went.

Born on August 15, 1936, Buchmann was never an outstanding player though he had several seasons in the regional leagues, lining up for Mainz 05, Eintracht Bad Kreuznach, Wormatia Worms and VfR Burstadt.

Buchmann had been player-coach in Burstadt, but left in 1976 to become West Germany's amateur supremo then coached Wormatia Worms, took over SV Darmstadt, a job which lasted little more than two years.

Buchmann is hoping for something more permanent now.

way Wacker Innsbrück, dragged their feet, his move went through before the start of the 1978-79 season. Took six months to settle and was then sent off twice this past season, each time collecting suspensions which kept him out of league football for more than two months. Pezzey was not, of course, banned from Europe, and played a vital role both in defence and attack. In the semi-final second leg in which Frankfurt hammered Bayern Munich 5-1 after extra time and 5-3 on aggregate, Pezzey scored two goals — repeating his feat against England in Vienna in 1978. Pezzey, tempted by offers from Italy and Spain, has signed to stay at Frankfurt.

JÜRGEN GRABOWSKI. Midfield general and club captain. Born July 7, 1944.. Has just announced his retirement, not unexpectedly, for he had missed most of the second-half of the season with a leg injury suffered in a league game against Borussia Moenchengladbach — ironically later to be Frankfurt's UEFA Cup Final rivals. Grabowski played well over 400 league games for Frankfurt, scoring more than 100 goals, since his transfer from Biebrich 02 in 1965. Signed by Frankfurt as an inside-forward, but would make his name on the right-wing — above all in the 1970 and 1974 World Cups. His appearance as substitute destroyed England in the 1970 quarter-final, but he retired from the national team after the 1974 triumph, having won 44 caps. Had already become Frankfurt's midfield commander by then. Said last summer that 1979-80 would probably be his last season.

WERNER LORANT. Midfield. Born Nov. 21, 1948. Signed from Saarbrücken in 1978 after a chequered career at Welver SV, Westfalia Herne, Borussia Dortmund and Rot-Weiss Essen.

STEFAN LOTTERMAN. Midfield. Born march 5, 1949. Signed from Kickers Offenbach, having started with FC Burgsholms. A frequent substitute during the UEFA Cup run.

NORBERT NACHTWEIH. Midfield. Born June 4, 1957. Defected from East Germany along with Jürgen Pahl and also had to serve out a suspension before he could play for Frankfurt. Like Pahl, had played in East Germany for Chemie Halle.

BERND NICKEL. Midfield. Born March 15, 1949. Signed from SV Eisenroth in 1966. One full cap, five B, one under-23, and then 41 amateur selections. A member of the Olympic team beaten 3-2 by East Germany in the third place match in the 1972 Munich Olympics.

RONALD BORCHERS. Attack. Born Aug. 10, 1957. Signed two years ago from FC 08 Germania Ginsheim and has won two senior caps. Made a spectacular impression in his first season, but slipped back a little in 1979-80. Also won one B cap, four amateur and eight youth.

BERND HÖLZENBEIN. Attack. Born March 9, 1946. May change his mind about retiring — either from the game altogether — or going to the United States or Saudi Arabia, because of the UEFA Cup win. Signed for Frankfurt from TuS Dehrn just after the 1966 World Cup Final defeat and determined he would help achieve revenge — which he did with West Germany in 1974. In the 2-1 win over Holland it was a trip on Hölzenbein which provided Paul Breitner with the early penalty chance to bring West Germany level. Has played nearly 400 league games for Frankfurt and scored around 150 goals, a better record than anyone in the club's Bundesliga history.

HARALD KARGER. Attack. Born Nov. 4, 1956. Made a spectacular entry to Bundesliga football, quickly becoming a Frankfurt regular after joining from FC Burgsolms last summer. Top-scored in the early rounds of the UEFA Cup with five goals, but missed the final celebrations because of a knee injury, which required an operation.

FRED SCHAUB. Attack. Born Aug. 28, 1960. Joined years ago from SV Neuhof. Won 15 youth selections.

BUMKUN CHA. Attack — Left-wing. Born May 25, 1953. Included in the "world class" bracket by the notoriously hard to please *Kicker* magazine after his brilliant form this season. Yet Frankfurt gambled on Cha, since the man who claims 141 caps for South Korea had already arrived in West Germany once to play only a few games with Darmstadt before flying home to continue his national service.

BRAZIL

by Claudio Kuck

COUTINHO IS THE NEW HERO

NOBODY doubts that Flamengo are a talented side and nobody doubts that Claudio Coutinho is a good manager. But neither Countinho nor Flamengo has ever won a Brazilian Championship, until May, 1980 that is.

They managed to beat Atletico Mineiro in the giant Maracana Stadium 3-2 in a thrilling match to win the trophy for the first time.

It proved to be quite an occasion with 154,355 fans watching the victory and Rio had a carnival out of season, with people singing sambas and drinking chachaca.

Some months before that memorable victory Coutinho had been sacked as manager of the Brazilian national side and was replaced by Tele Santana. He was heavily criticised in the Press because he was appointed as manager despite never winning a major title before.

Now is Coutinho's finest hour, Flamengo deservedly won the Brazilian Championship and the Rio de Janeiro title and travelled to Germany to beat UEFA Champions Eintracht Frankfurt 3-1 in celebration.

Ironically at the same time Coutinho's successor in the national side is having a tough time. They struggled to beat a weak Mexican side in a disappointing match 2-0 in the Maracana and suffered a 2-1 defeat at the hands of an unknown Soviet Union side.

In the light of those two results many people asked for Coutinho to be reinstated, which is typical of the Brazilian public.

To become champions Flamengo won 14 matches, drew 6 and lost only two. They began by beating Santos and Internacional (title holders) 1-0 and then were surprisingly beaten by the unrated Botafogo. Flamengo went on to defeat Mixto 2-0, Ferroviario 2-1, Itabiana 5-0, drawing 2-2 with Nautico, Sao Paulo de Rio Grande 0-0 and Ponte Prete 2-2.

In the second-half of the championship they drew with Santa Cruz 0-0 and then beat them 2-1 in Rio, going on to draw with Palmeiras (Santana's former side who knocked Flamengo out of the Brazilian Championship last year) 2-2 and beat them 6-2 in the return. They beat Bangu twice, 2-1 and 3-0.

Desportiva were their next victims, losing 3-0, Santos were beaten 2-0 and they drew 1-1 with Ponte Preta.

Four teams qualified for the semi-finals, Internacional aiming to become champions for the fourth time drew with Atletico Mineiro 1-1 and lost 3-0 in the second leg. Flamengo beat Coritiba 2-0 and 4-3.

The finals began in Belo Horizonte where Atletico Mineiro beat Flamengo 1-0, but Coutinho's side came back to win 3-2 in Rio. As a result of superior goal difference they clinched the title for the first time.

Nunes opened Flamengo's account after just seven minutes, but Reinaldo, back after a knee operation, equalised one minute later. Zico put Flamengo back in front again one minute before the interval.

Reinaldo equalised for the second time after 66 minutes, stunning the huge crowd in the Maracana Stadium. The draw would be enough for Atletico, as they won the first match. Then Nunes popped up to net the winner for Flamengo seven minutes from the end.

All hell broke loose as a result, Reinaldo was sent off for complaining and Chicao and Palhinha were also shown the red card in injury time.

The carnival started as Flamengo became the most popular team in Brazil. Zico was their top scorer with 21 goals in 22 matches, he actually played in only 18.

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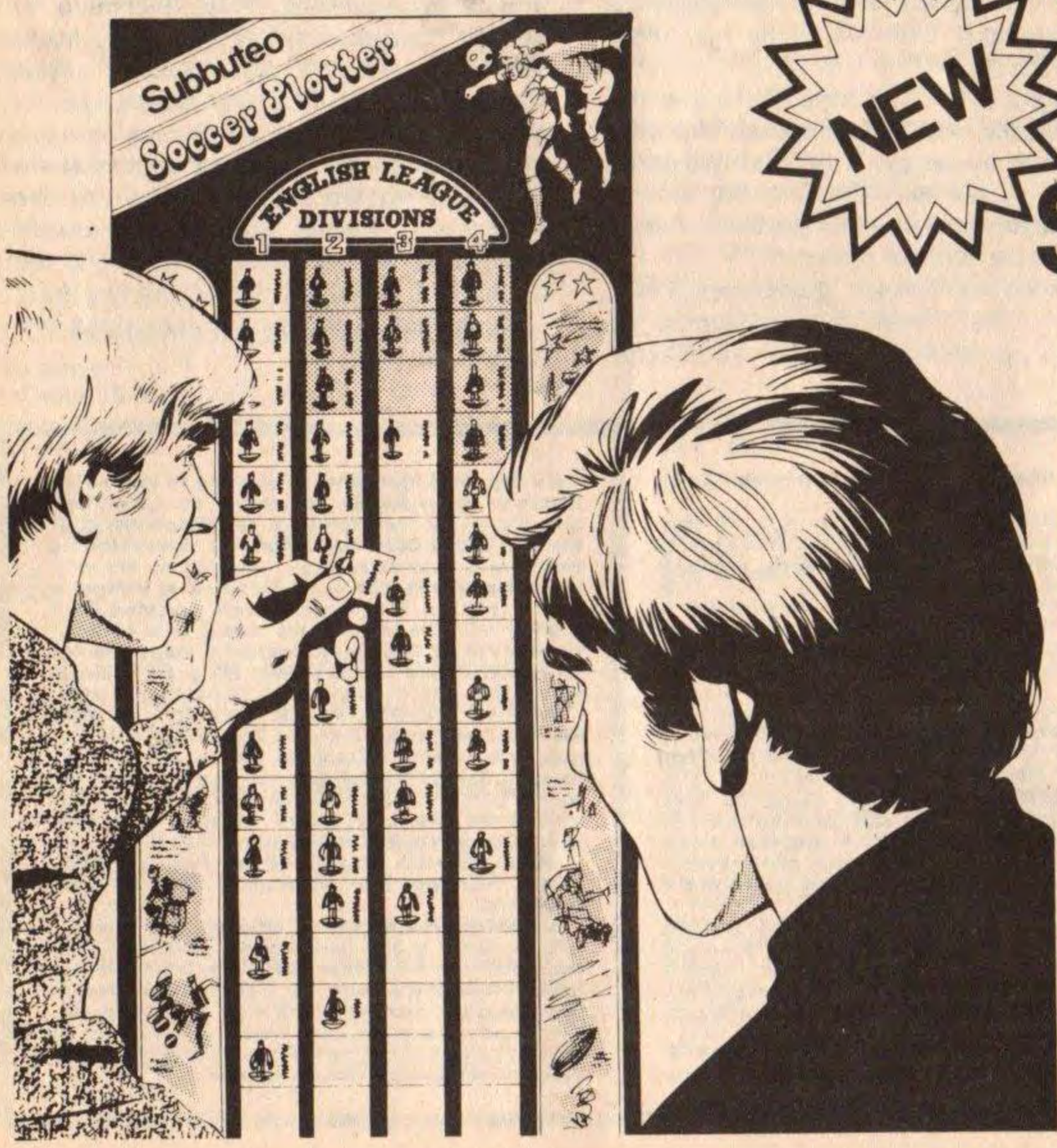

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BALKAN NEWS by Sloboban Vasic

PINTER FOR HAJOUK SPLIT?

SANDOR PINTER, the 27-year-old defender from Honved of Budapest, is keen to play on the Adriatic coast with Hajduk Split. Pinter, who has 39 international caps and two goals, will have to wait and see what the Hungarian FA decide.

NK Dynamo are the new 1979-80 FA Cup winners. They beat Red Star 2-1 on aggregate in the two legged final. Kranjcar (penalty) and Dumbovic scored for Dynamo with Filipovic scoring for Red Star.

In the championship race Red Star still head the League, four points clear of Sarajevo and now look certain to gain their 13th championship.

For the first time in 20 years Red Star went to Hajduk Split and defeated them 3-1 in what was possibly the match which decided the League champions.

Leading scorer in the League at present is Kostic (Napredak) 15 goals, followed by Okula (Velez), Susic (Sarajevo) and Kranjcar (Dynamo) all on 12 goals.

As Yugoslav newspapers reported, two leading coaches have moved abroad. Milan Ribar, former national team coach, is now with FC Malaga in Spain. Former Olympique Marsseille coach, Ivan Markovic, has gone to West Germany to become SV Hamburg's youth coach. He will team up with two other Yugoslavs at Hamburg, team manager Branko Zebec and his assistant Aleksander Ristic.

Tomislav Ivic, former Hajduk Split and Ajax coach, is taking Ivica Surjak with him to Belgium when he takes over as Anderlecht's new coach for the start of next season.

Two players from Hajduk Split are also on the move. Luka Peruzovic will play for VfB Stuttgart in the *Bundesliga* while Drazen Muzininc will sign for OGC Nice after his national service is completed.

Miljan Milanic is inviting 26 Yugoslavs playing abroad to return to participate in trials for the national side, this is part of his build up for the 1982 World Cup qualifying matches.

FC Olympia Ljubljana and FC Villacher from Austria are trying to organise a new club competition, the Alpe-Adria-Cup.

For the first season the organising committee will split the participating clubs into two groups.

FCX Nuremburg, Austria Klagenfurt, Sparta Rotterdam and Olympia Ljubljana will make up group 1, while FC Villacher, Rapid Vienna, RWD Molenbeek and FC Udinese (1979 Mitropa Cup winners) will play in group 2.

The two group winners will contest the final with the winners collecting $15,000 for their efforts.

Constantin Czernioanu, Romanian national team coach, has been sacked in the light of recent poor results and Valentin Stanescu will take over as Stefan Kovac's new assistant.

Stanescu was national team coach from 1971 to 1975 when he was replaced by Kovacs, again due to bad results.

Stanescu has appointed Lucescu as his assistant, he spent 12 years as a player with Dynamo Bucharest and is currently coach with newly promoted FC Korvinul.

The first international under the new staff of Kovacs-Stanescu-Lucescu ended in defeat against Czechoslovakia 1-2, Ionescu scoring for Romania.

Politechnica from Temisioara and Steaua from Bucuresti have reached the 1979-80 FA Cup final. In the semi-finals Politechnica beat FC Rapid 5-3 on penalties while Steaua eliminated League leaders Universitatea Craiova 2-1.

In Bulgaria FC Slavia from Sofia won the 1979-80 FA Cup with comfortable victory over Beroe from Stara Zagora 3-1.

USSR by Terry Bushell

Moscow Dynamo lose derby

THE first open-air Supreme League matches of the season were played in Moscow with varying degrees of success for the host teams.

Because of an unusually late spring the opening home games of the Moscow clubs had had to be played at an indoor stadium on artificial turf. This was after their first two or three League fixtures had all been away, in the temperate south.

In the first outdoor match, Dynamo Moscow lost a local derby with Lokomotiv 1-0. Playing in the Dynamo stadium that has been renovated for the Olympics, they succumbed to a goal in the 35th minute from Valery Petrakov, who was the top scorer in the capital last season.

Until this defeat, Dynamo Moscow had been leading the League table. After it, with rival teams picking up points, they dropped down to sixth position.

In the other opening outdoor games of the capital, the Central Aray Sports Club were held to a goalless draw by newly-promoted Kuban while reigning champions Spartak beat Torpedo thanks to a penalty from left-back Alexander Mirzoyan ten minutes from the end.

This put Spartak level top with Dynamo Kieve and Zenit Leningrad, all of whom had ten points from seven games. Spartak then beat Kieve 1-0 at home and, with Zenit crashing 5-1 at Dynamo Tbilisi, went clear at the top. At this point Spartak had not let in a goal in six matches.

In Baku on the Caspian Sea, the local Neftchi side drew 2-2 with Pakhtakor Tashkent due to a last-minute equaliser from outside-left Asif Aliev. The grabbed point was not enough to lift Neftchi from the bottom of the table. One of Pakhtakor's goals in this match was scored by Nizon Nartadzhiev, who is turning out to be the find of the season.

This 25-year-old scored six goals in the first seven matches, making him top scorer — and he is not even a forward. He lines up at half-back. He does consciously go upfield searching for goals, though. Brought in this season from a lower division by new Pakhtakor manager Sergei Mosyagin, he is one of the replacements for the team killed in an air disaster last year.

Although arriving late on the national scene, he was earmarked early on for a football career, entering a Tashkent special football school when he was 12. Then he played for four years with two third-division clubs, sometimes as a defender.

Last season, in this division, he scored 15 goals from the position of central defender. He says: "To each player actively going forward there occurs in each game two or three moments in which he can and must score. I always go onto the pitch believing there will be a chance for me to score — and I must take this chance. It is necessary not simply to wait for the split-second chance but to really search for the whole of the 90 minutes of the match."

Another new discovery is Vadim Yevtushenko of Dynamo Kiev. His enthusiasm up front has given new life to those Kiev players who, though not old, have played too much football from when the entire Kiev side doubled as the national team — Buryak, Veremeyev, Bessonov and Blokhin.

Yevtushenko, 22, has, like Nartadzhiev, come straight up to the Supreme League this season from the third division. Last year he scored 11 goals, and this year so far four, including two at Karpaty Lvov, enabling Kiev to win 4-2 and go second in the table.

Oleg Blokhin also scored in this match, bringing his total to four, and his total over the years in the Supreme League to 129, making him by far the highest scorer.

If Nartadzhiev and Yevtushenko keep up their form they could well be included in the national squad being put together by manager Konstantin Beskov for the World Cup elimination matches over the next 18 months against Wales, Czechoslovakia, Turkey and Iceland.

"The doors of the national team are not yet shut," Beskov said. Although the backbone of the squad will be formed from players of his own club, Spartak, it will be reinforced by "strong players with suitable playing styles from other clubs."

Earlier this year Beskov called together 22 players from different clubs for training sessions and a series of friendlies. The players also had a thorough medical check-up, "after which we had to say goodbye to some of them."

COLLEGE —an experien

Story by TOBY GLANVILLE
Illustrations by COLIN HANDLEY

I DON'T know what I expected when I arrived at New York's Kennedy Airport on a comparatively hot and humid afternoon of August last year, ready, two days later to travel 180 miles North by road to Hartwick College.

It was there that I was to commence my four year, $27,200 scholarship, in a straight exchange for my footballing 'abilities'. Certainly, the seemingly naïve training under a ferocious sun — and an equally demanding coach — came as a surprise to me.

Being told how, or how *not* to kick a football at the age of 18 by somebody who was born with a silver baseball bat in his mouth seemed slightly disappointing, if not a gross waste of time.

As the burning days of pre-season training literally dragged on, as every muscle in my legs seized up each evening after a typical schedule of 7.15 a.m. warm-ups, followed by two two-hour sessions of dull, laborious drills — which often involved playing against an imaginary opposition — my love for the game waned increasingly.

The perennial question, as I trudged daily up to that massive slab of glass and concrete, more commonly known as the P.E. block, planted amidst the undulating countryside of New York State, was, quite naturally, could things get worse? Surely things would improve, when, in a matter of two uncannily long weeks, the concrete slopes, and their ubiquitous mosquitoes, would be accompanied by the sound of 1,600 gum totin' students.

Things got worse. This gradual turn to the even-worse affected not only myself, but also my compatriot John Hughes, who, with justifiably high hopes, had flown from Liverpool and the captaincy of its schoolboys, to 'sunny' Hartwick college. Time and time again our coach Jim Lennox — accompanied by Jape Shattuck — clad in his kaleidoscopic tracksuits and matching face, his sun/insect sensitive nose adorned with a white cream, left John and myself out of his meaningless exercises, whose relevance to the game of football was totally lost on me.

The same monotonous routine of 7.15 a.m. warm-ups, followed by two two-hour training sessions, often under 80°-90° of relentless sun, was soon to be interspersed with lectures on the mechanics of Dutch football, of which our coach was an eager disciple.

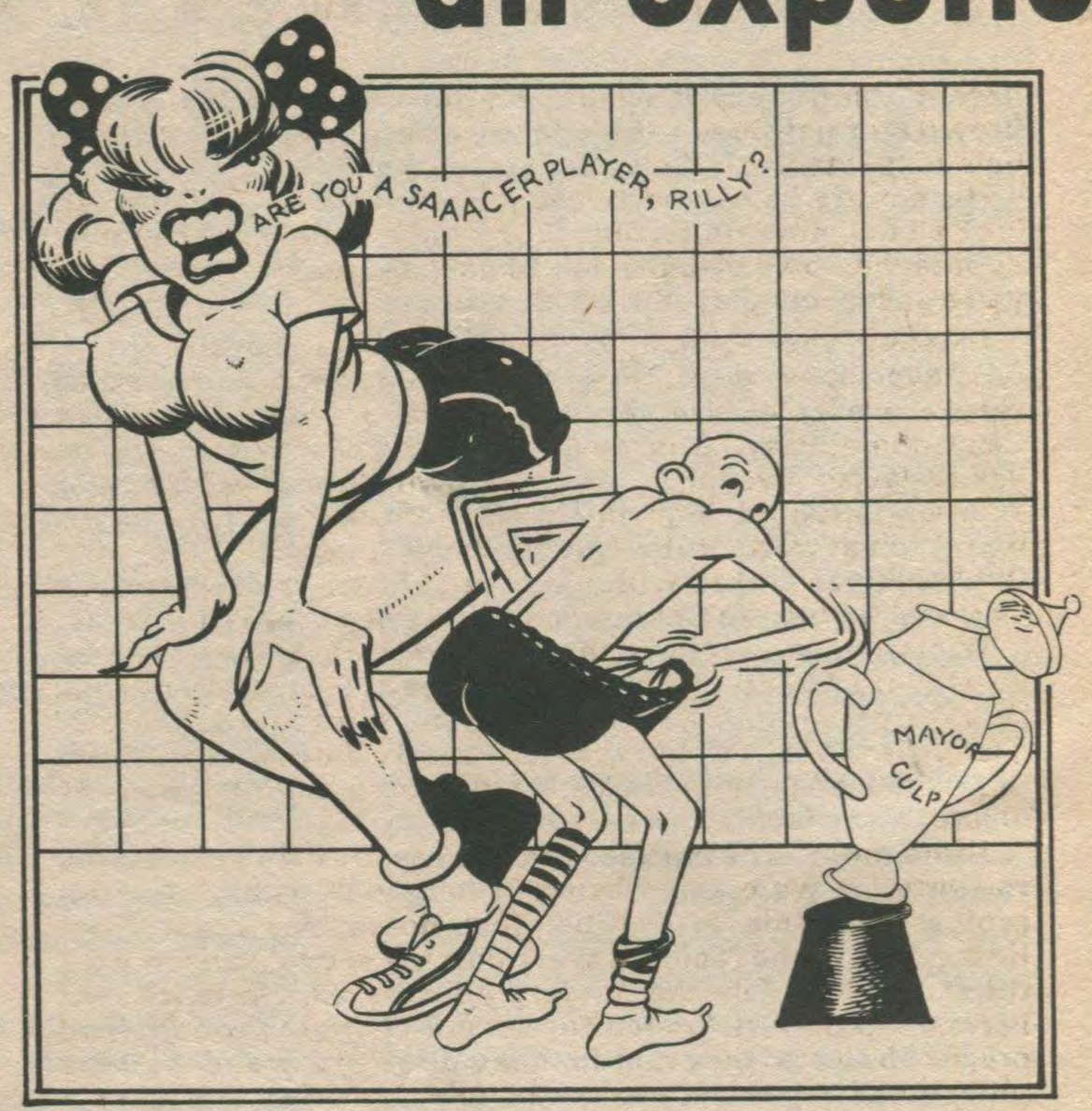
Surely he didn't intend to provide scholarships to Hartwick for Cruyff, Neeskins, Rep, and the equally-talented German, Franz Beckenbauer? Indeed not, since for the American coach, as I soon learned, tactics are the perfect substitute for talent.

Self-expression went out of the window once and for all, to be replaced by the philosophy that "90 minutes' total concentration and, above all, intensity," would do the job.

We were instructed to play it the way of the Dutch World Cup team of 1974. Every day, Lennox would drum his suffocating tactics into us: "The *instant* you win the ball, you attack, the *instant* you lose it, you defend — AT SPEED!

Sound advice, you may be inclined to say. However, it was anything but sound to the ears of inexperienced and naïve American students. In effect, Lennox was trying to order goods that had not yet been manufactured, and alas, he did not seem to realise this.

. . . the next stage is to buy the kit and a shiny, expensive ball: but what to do with it? These are children who generally come from wealthy families.



. . . an outbreak of "Jock Itch" had taken its toll . . .

As the pre-season matches versus other colleges of an embarrassingly low level got under way, Hartwick looked totally disjointed and confused. What I saw was a group of automatons achieving nothing through 90 minutes of running, running, running. Apart from John Young, a Scottish youth international, and Aly Anderson, an English youth cap, the side had no talent to speak of.

The effect of this type of coaching and training, which totally abuses the natural skill involved in football will, I feel, set back football's progress in the States a long, long way. Despite efforts to inject the NASL with native talent, which is expected to emerge from college level, the rate of home-grown players vis-à-vis imported pros is pathetically low, and it will remain so for as long as coaches *à la* Lennox are allowed to function as they do at present.

This is a very sad phenomenon, which must be changed radically, in order for football in the US to survive. At present, as far as the American public are concerned, 'soccer' is more of a fashion than a sport or recreation.

There is nothing organic about 'soccer' in the US, which is surely essential to the game's development. Young children, having watched the Cosmos, are immediately drawn towards the game's razamatazz, its electronic scoreboards, its glamorous cheerleaders, endless food, drink and noise.

The next stage is to buy the kit, and a shiny, expensive ball: but what to do with it? These are children who generally come from wealthy families and therefore don't need to escape a life down the mine or in the factory. In this way, the incentive to make a career of kicking a football around is greatly diminished.

Some Americans who are gifted *athletically* win 'soccer' scholarships to colleges such as Hartwick, and it is there that the 'learning' process — such as it is — stops.

Term finally started, which meant the end of pre-season training, 7.15 a.m. warm-ups and all. As 'soccer' is the main sport at Hartwick, a great deal of attention is focussed on the team. This has its advantages and, naturally, disadvantages.

For example, at the beginning of term, we were all summoned to stand in front of hall full of 'freshmen', or first years. This was somewhat embarrassing, as we were introduced wearing our obscenely baggy tracksuits, with flares that would have better suited the sails of a racing yacht. Aly Anderson, the Scouse 'keeper, did the only

SOCCER IN THE USA

ce to remember . . . and forget

decent thing, sent it all up. He turned up with his long brown hair gathered off his face into a pony-tail, wearing a pair of spectacles which were far too tight.

His scruffy jeans and tweed jacket made us, in contrast, look all the more ridiculous. From that day on, one would be approached by a disbelieving female, who would yowl, 'are you a saaaaacer player, really?'

Indeed, the 'Saaaacer' players were spoilt rotten wherever they went. Free drinks and food were made readily available by a very hospitable, yet totally ignorant local community. One couple in particular would lay on vastly lavish evenings, at their own house, which was superbly situated high up in the mountains. Their walls were plastered with giant blow-ups of Pelé and Beckenbauer, mixed with pictures of Hartwick's victorious National Collegiate Championship winning team of 1977.

This trend of spoiling the team in such a way seemed wrong. Hundreds of dollars were spent just on the latest World Cup footballs, the training pitch had been dug, at vast expense, out of the rocks on a mountain plateau. Lush grass had been laid down. There was a strong sense of waste, these facilities were *too* good.

Three months of the year prior to my football scholarship to Hartwick were spent living in Italy with a third division professional side at Formia, just down the coast from Rome. There, the facilities were humble in comparison with those lavished on the undergraduates of Hartwick. At Formia the players longed for decent changing rooms, and proper showers: they had to make do with a gravel training pitch which would rip layers of one's skin off at the lightest fall. The players there were experienced pros whose game was greatly marred by the lack of funds to provide amenities that the Americans took for granted, but could never live up to.

The set of matches which followed the pre-season ones were those of the eagerly awaited Mayor's Cup. This was a tournament held annually on the town's baseball field. As well as Hartwick there was the town's other college, SUCO (State University College of Oneonta).

They would take part along with two invited teams. Several thousand fans would turn up to watch them do battle over and around the pitcher's mound, and through the heavy sand. Hartwick eventually lost the final, much to the coach's fury.

We obviously *hadn't* played the way the Dutch had in 1974; still, Cruyff never had to negotiate the hazards of the local baseball patch. An outbreak of 'jock itch' had taken its toll, and done nothing to boost team morale. Everybody hoped that it would be all right on the night, when the National Collegiate Championships got under way in a week's time.

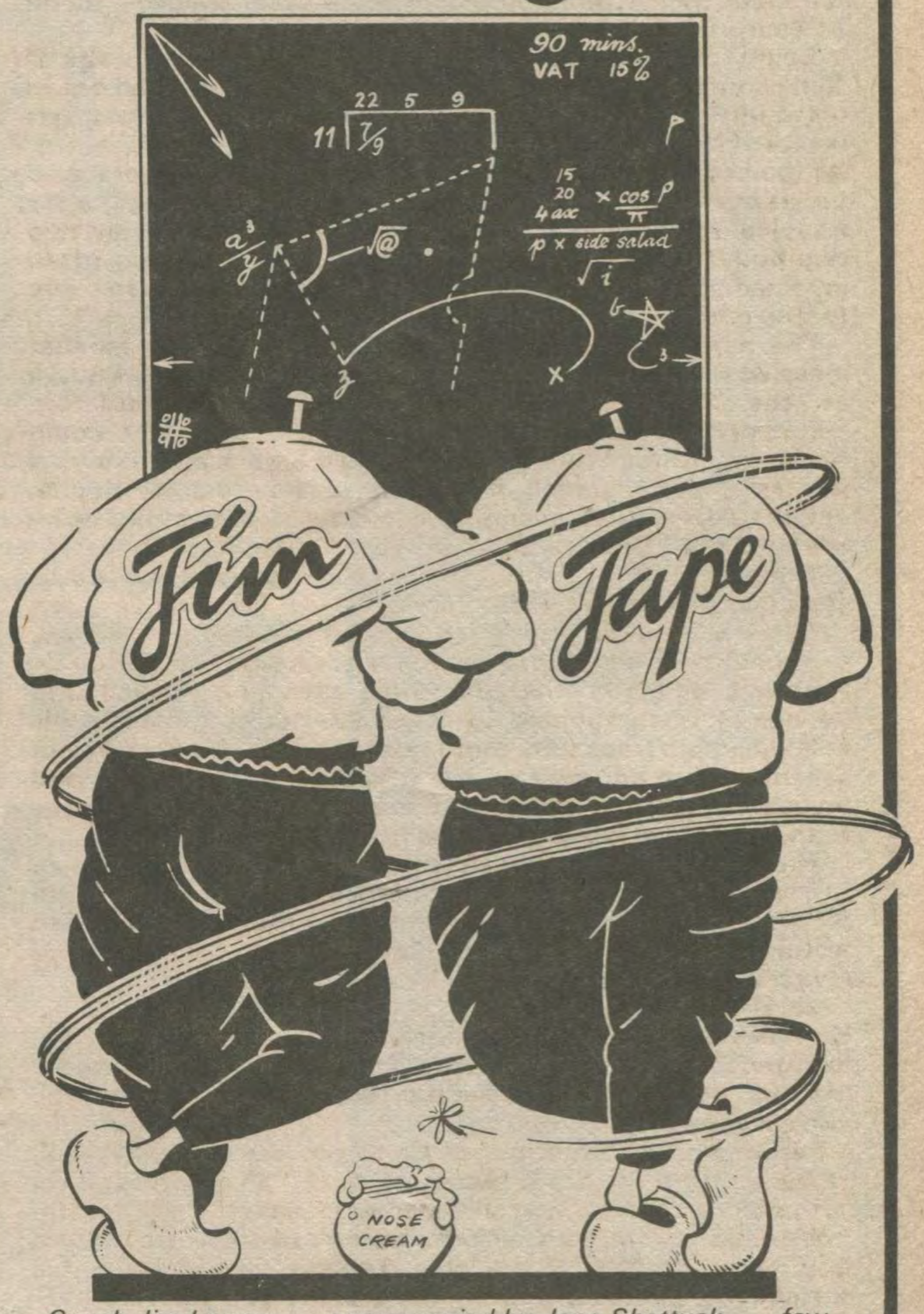
The first National Collegiate match saw Hartwick at home to Philadelphia Textile. Lennox drew maniacally on the locker-room blackboard, as he did before each and every game, telling us how good the opposition was, which invariably turned out to be untrue.

Whether he did all this to help or confuse us was hard to tell, but certainly few of the players were able to comprehend his Xs and dots, his 'man to man marcation situation zones', his intricately planned 'restarts' and '90 minutes' total intensity'.

His assistant, Jape Shattuck, would stand in the corner of the room with his back pressed against the door, as if some spy or other was trying to push his way in from the other side. His arms folded, Jape endlessly gazed down with admiration at his curvaceous thighs which he would intermittently flex, causing the muscle to bulge and then slacken.

Jape never seemed to concentrate with 'total intensity' whilst Lennox ranted on about how we should rush the opponent 'en masse', and bustle him into an error, just like the Dutch did in 1974. At last, as if to catch Jape out, Lennox would suddenly glance wildly in his direction and say: "Anything to say Jape?"

"Yup," came the automatic reply. "You can do it you guys, you can *beat* these guys. All it takes is ninety minutes total intensity and concentration! When you get that ball — pow! — when they got it, defend AT SPEED! OK, let's go you guys!"



Coach Jim Lennox — accompanied by Jape Shattuck . . . few of the players were able to comprehend his Xs and dots!

Jape was really the team's psycher-upper. No self-respecting group of American athletes can be without one. Harwick scraped a barely deserved win, in front of the TV cameras which screened the game nationwide on selected channels.

Lennox was none too pleased with the team's present performances, as one could see from his bouts of bench-hysteria. In training he began to spend a lot of time dealing with 'restarts' — or free-kicks. One afternoon the 'starting' defence was lined up against an assortment which included John Hughes and myself. from one 'restart' John rose powerfully above the whole defence to head in. John was delighted with Lennox's ensuing fit that his goal had provoked.

"Whose man was he? Well! Whose man was he! Who the hell was picking him up! Christ?" Finally after five minutes of interrogation, our five-foot-muscle-bound-injury-prone-centre-forward sheepishly owned up. Such outbursts from the coach were bound to have nothing but a negative effect on the players, who were consequently petrified of making the smallest mistake even in training.

Only a day before the game against Philadelphia Textile, Lennox announced in front of the entire team that along with two others, he was dropping John and myself from the squad. I had seen it coming a long way off, ever since the taxing pre-season sessions. The pressure then had been so intense that one player just left without warning, disgusted at Lennox's tantrums — which he would spare us if there were visiting officials from NASL teams watching. Even before the pre-season training had commenced, Lennox had assured the new players that he would make allowances for the loss of form that we would undergo due to acclimatisation.

Continued Page 45

'OUR MAN IN TURIN'

by Derick Allsop

FOURTEEN years on, the taunt of 'animals' is being hurled back into English faces.

The immortal word of Sir Alf Ramsey after England's World Cup clash with Argentina was on Italian lips during the European championship.

This time England fans were in disgrace. Fighting broke out on the terraces during the match against Belgium in Turin and it took tear gas to restore peace.

It could not, however, restore the reputation of the English. For three days Turin was on alert, with police strength doubled and security tightened.

Suddenly the British were an unwanted race and even Denis Law, once of Torino, was turned away from a restaurant.

I was one of four British journalists sitting at a bar when a mob of jeering Italian youths arrived. As they surrounded us the manager called the police who were quickly on the scene to scatter them.

As always, the majority had to suffer because of the stupidity of the minority and the anti-English feeling was shared by the City's mayor, Diego Novelli.

He warned that any further serious incident over the week-end would force him to call off England's match against Italy.

His words hurt even more. He said: "Where are these English journalists? Where are those who said that Bettega and the youngsters are assassins?

"We are not the animals your compatriots are."

At club and international level now, it seems Britain cannot avoid trouble, yet UEFA responded with little more than a gesture.

Despite threats of expulsion, suspension or deducted points, England were merely fined £8,000.

The real cost is the battered reputation of Britain. It could take a long time to repair it.

Trabzonspor win Turkish title

Hasan Cemali reporting from Istanbul

TRABZONSPOR from the Black Sea have won the First division championship for the fourth time.

Throughout the season many established sides found themselves fighting for their First Division lives. Teams such as Galatasaray and Besiktas often found themselves aiming for points rather than the championship. In fact Galatasaray were confronted with the prospect of relegation until the last game of the season, they finished ninth with Besiktas coming eleventh.

Goztepe of Izmir were relegated along with Kayserispor and Diyarbakirspor while Kocaelispor, Mersin Idmanyurdu and Boluspor will take their places next season.

For Altay of Izmir it was a mixed season, although they came 12th in the League they won the Turkish Cup. They defeated Galatasaray 2-1 on aggregate, in the final.

After the League was completed the manager of Galatasaray, Turgay Seren and Fenerbahce's technical director Ziya Sengul resigned.

In 240 League games a total of 422 goals were scored.

Soon after the ban on foreign players and managers was lifted, Galatasaray signed a contract with their former English manager Brian Birch who took them to the League title three years in succession. Fenerbahce were the second club to take advantage by signing Freidl Rausch, manager of UEFA Cup winners Eintracht Frankfurt.

DOUBLE FOR REAL MADRID

REAL MADRID completed the Spanish double when they thrashed Castilla 6-1 in the Cup Final.

But the significance of the result lies in the fact that Castilla are Madrid's own affiliated second division club, so Real will have a double income from Europe next season!

While Madrid compete in the Champions' Cup, Castilla — the place where promising players are given league experience — will play in the Cup-winners' Cup.

Castilla's run to the final was one of the most dramatic achievements in the Cup for years, since they eliminated four first division clubs on the way — including league runners-up Real Sociedad and last year's runners-up Gijon.

Their other senior victims were Hercules of Alicante and Athletic Bilbao, renowned Cup fighters whom Castilla actually beat in their own San Mames stadium!

Castilla's achievement was magnified by the fact that unlike British Cup giant-killers, who can catch a first division opponent unawares in front of their own fans, Spanish Cup ties are home and away two-leg affairs.

The final — Madrid scraped in thanks to a victory on penalties over Atletico Madrid in the semi-finals — was in front of King Juan Carlos and a 75,000 crowd in the Estadio Bernabeu which both teams regard as home, for Castilla play all their big matches there.

But there was only one team in it. Madrid went ahead through Juanito in the 19th minute and Santillana made it 2-0 in the 42nd. Sabido added the third (60 mins), Del Bosque the fourth (62), and substitute Garcia Hernandez the fifth (85). Juanito made it six a minute from time with a penalty.

Castilla's consolation on the biggest night in their history came from Alvarez in the 85th minute.

Madrid: Garcia Remon, Sabido, Camacho, Pirri, Benito, Del Bosque, Juanito, Angel, Santillana, Stielike (Garcia Hernandez), Cunningham.

Castilla: Agustin, Juanito, Casimiro, Castaneda, Herrero, Lorenzo, Pineda, Paco, Alvarez, Bernal, Cidon.

Castilla, from the Spanish second division, won through to the Spanish Cup Final but were beaten 6-1 by Real Madrid, their parent club.

NORTH AMERICA

by Colin Jose

SOUNDERS ERUPT IN SEATTLE

MOUNT St. Helens is not the ony thing erupting in the State of Washington these days. Around one hundred miles due north of the volcano, which has captured the headlines in recent months, lies the city of Seattle, and there the Seattle Sounders have started the 1980 North American Soccer League season with a bang, winning ten of their first eleven games.

The Sounders, who finished in third place in the National Conference, Western Division in 1979 and missed the play-offs, have strengthened their team considerably this year and yet retained a nucleus of last year's players. Their only loss came in the third game of the season when they played a goalless draw with the Whitecaps in Vancouver, but lost in the shoot-out, so even that one defeat you might say was suffered on a technicality.

Canadian international goalkeeper Jack Brand, who was with the Cosmos for part of last season and then was traded to the Tulsa Roughnecks and came to Seattle during the off season has so far held the opposition scoreless in eight of the eleven games played and Seattle have given up just six goals while scoring 22.

The Sounders points total of 77 is tops in the 24 team league so far and 31 ahead of the team in second place in their division, the Los Angeles Aztecs. They are also 41 points ahead of last year's champions, the Vancouver Whitecaps.

Former England international winger Alan Hinton is the man behind the new Sounders and he has stuck with much the same line up in every game so far. In addition to Brand in goal he has former Norwich City player John Ryan at right back, former Scottish international captain Bruce Rioch at centre back and ex-England international David Nish at left back.

Teaming with Rioch in the centre of the defence is Canadian youth international Ian Bridge. The blond haired Bridge, who stands 6ft 1in, and was born in Victoria on Vancouver Island, is one of the rising young stars of the NASL and seems certain to win his first full cap for Canada in this year's World Cup games.

Towards the latter end of last season he teamed with Mike England before the former Welsh international returned to Britain to take charge of the Welsh national team.

Hinton has used five different players in midfield and on occasion played four of them at one time in a 4-4-2 formation. England international Alan Hudson is of course the key here and he has had Roy Greaves, formerly with Bolton, or two former Bournemouth players, Frank Barton and Steve Buttle, on either side of him. Also seeing action in midfield has been ex-Swedish international Reine Almqvist.

Playing 4-4-2 has at times limited the strikers to young American Mark Peterson, who currently has four goals, and to the experienced Roger Davies who now has 10 goals including seven in the last five games. Davies, of course, came to the United States after a career that took him from Derby County to Bruges and then to Leicester City. He was with Tulsa last year but moved to Seattle along with Brand and coach Hinton.

To Peterson and Davies the Sounders have recently added Scottish international winger Tommy Hutchinson from Coventry City and he has given the Sounders added punch. The Sounders also have the likes of Derek Smethurst and Mickey Cave in reserve.

Attendances in Seattle, which went into a decline last year, have shot up again in recent weeks as a result of the team's record with 27,049 on hand for a game with San Diego on May 17.

On the other side of the continent the New York Cosmos have recovered from their shaky start and begun to play with some of the skill and poise we have come to expect from a team with so much talent. Recently they won the new Trans-Atlantic Challenge Cup finishing ahead of Vancouver, Manchester City and Roma.

New York leads the Eastern Division of the National Conference by a comfortable margin over the slumping Washington Diplomats despite injuries to both Wim Rijsbergen and Brazilian defender Oscar. Young Americans Jeff Durgan and Ricky Davis have taken their places in the back four playing alongside Carlos Alberto and Bruce Wilson.

In midfield the Cosmos have Johan Neeskens, Franz Beckenbauer and Vladislav Bogicevic while in attack Giorgio Chinaglia has been flanked by the young Paraguayan Julio Romero and either Angelo DiBernardo or Mark Liveric both naturalised Americans. Cinaglia is currently in a neck and neck race for the scoring lead with Roger Davies of Seattle and recently broke the overall NASL scoring record when he scored goal number 102.

The record setting goal game in California against the Surf breaking the old mark of 101 set by Ilija Mitic. Almost unbelievably the game was stopped at that point while league Commissioner Phil Woosnam along with Mitic walked onto the field and presented him with the game ball. Then the match was allowed to proceed.

Another team hitting the headlines has been the Chicago Sting who have now won nine and lost but two to top the American Conference Central Division. Playing well for Chicago are goalkeeper Phil Parkes, who was with Vancouver last year, and West German players Arno Steffenhagen, Karl Heinz Granitza and Ingo Peter who was most recently with Wanne-Eickel of the West German Second Division.

Fort Lauderdale, who made such an impressive start to the season, have begun to slip of late losing 4-0 at home to Seattle and then dropping games to Rochester and Chicago and this has allowed the ever-dangerous Tampa Bay to catch up. Another team doing well are the Tulsa Roughnecks who lead the National Conference, Central Division.

Champions Vancouver, who made such a poor start to the season, now appear to be improving as their 5-0 hammering of Manchester City seems to indicate, while Minnesota, another team making heavy weather in the early going, have fired coach Roy McCrohan and replaced him with club president Freddie Goodwin. Ray Klivecka, coach of the Rochester Lancers has also been fired and replaced by Alex Perolli, who was fired from the same post in 1970.

Italian First Division team Roma, who came to North America to play in the Trans-Atlantic Challenge Cup had a rough time of it. They finished in last place in that tournament losing to New York and Manchester City and playing a 1-1 tie with Vancouver. Then before they returned home lost again to the Toronto Blizzard in a nasty game that saw two Roma players and one Toronto player sent off, while the game ended in a punch up.

Some teams are already struggling in terms of attendance and one of these is Philadelphia where unless there is a drastic turn around the Fury are playing their last season. The office staff is already said to be looking for new jobs in anticipation of the franchise moving to Montreal next season.

New league in Canada

THE formation of a Canadian Soccer League was announced in Toronto on May 28 with teams in Toronto, Hamilton, Calgary, Montreal and Halifax. These five teams will be joined by clubs from three other Canadian cities before the league starts operating in 1981.

In the meantime the league is staging an international tournament in Canada in June involving Glasgow Rangers, Italian First Division team Ascoli, Botofogo from Brazil and the French team Nancy. The winners will receive a new trophy called the Red Leaf Cup which will eventually be the trophy awarded to the champions of the league.

In addition the winning team will receive $125,000, the second place team $100,000, the third place team $75,000 and the team finishing last $50,000.

AUSTRALIA by Andrew Dettre

What a birthday!

CLEARLY, it doesn't always pay to be 100; Australia's soccer centenary "celebrations" have proved this. It was a flat affair, even discordant, largely through no fault of Australia herself.

Things started to go wrong when, in the 11th hour, Wales and Yugoslavia withdrew from a planned four-nation tournament in June, leaving Northern Ireland as the only participant. May they be never invited again.

Then, of course, the England visit — the highlight of the year — began to sour as Press and public alike realised that Ron Greenwood's team would be at best a "B" team, possibly even below that. The Australian Federation, deeply embarrassed, bent over backwards to insist that yes, it would be the top England team. They even arranged a filmed interview with Ron Greenwood in London, shown to the Press in Sydney, in which the England supremo assured one and all that this was to be the cream of English soccer.

When the team arrived, it did have some excellent players, even full internationals: Corrigan, Parkes, Cherry, Brian Greenhoff, Hoddle, Lampard, Butcher, Osman, Devonshire, Bryan Robson, Talbot, Dave Armstrong, Sunderland, Ward, Mariner and Reeves. But the public wanted a Brooking, a Keegan and a Wilkins; they wanted to see THE England side, the best there is, not the second or third echelon.

So, disappointingly enough, only about 35,000 turned up at the venerable Sydney Cricket Ground for a fairly tame match in which "England" rather comfortably established a 2-0 lead before, almost on full-time, conceding a goal from a penalty.

Ten days later the Irish arrived minus their exhausted Arsenal stars Jennings, Nelson and Rice and the "unavailable" McIlroy. But before their first game in Sydney, a rumpus broke out.

The Australian Press began to question the sanity of a policy under which the Socceroos were fielding quite a number of imported players — some of them not even citizens of the country. They singled out two for attention: former Dumbarton defender Jim Muir and ex-Yugoslav defender, Ivica Prskalo, both over 30, both ineligible for World Cup games and both, in the opinion of many, keeping talented young Australians out of coach Rudi Gutendorf's team.

The public debate started in the weekly "Soccer World" spread to a TV channel, then to other newspapers and finally to various talk-back shows on the radio. Some argued rationally, others emotionally; the debate was in danger of being reduced to a simplistic ethnic versus non-ethnic issue.

But Gutendorf decided to ignore the flare-up and still fielded what he considered his best team against the Irish in the three "test" matches, regardless of the origin of the players.

Let it suffice to say — and no disrespect to the likeable Irish team and their pipe-smoking manager, Billy Bingham — that all three games were easily forgettable affairs. Northern Ireland won 2-1 in Sydney, drew 1-1 in Melbourne and won again 2-1 in Adelaide, all within eight days and without showing any sign of greatness.

If you removed Manchester United full-back Jim Nicholl and Nottingham midfielder Martin O'Neill from the team, the rest could be slotted into Australia's national Philips League where they could just as easily come fifth as first.

Even before the England visit in May, we had here for three quick matches the ill-fated AC Milan from Italy, naturally without their international stars and also without those suspended for their involvement in the Totonero Affair.

This was a privately arranged tour and the promoters hesitated too long whether to call it off once the betting scandal in Italy reached AC Milan, too. So they came, with some six guest players from Avellino and Catanzaro — minus their president, then in prison, but led by th inpeccably aristocratic former idol, Gianni Rivera as tour leader.

Ironically, just as their first match in Sydney was about to end in 2-1 defeat, Milan's players and officials also found out that, during the game, the Italian Federation in Rome had relegated them to the second division. So Sydney is one city they won't forget.

The rest of soccer's centenary year is likely to pass without fireworks. In August Chile will play three internationals against Australia then, in November, the Socceroos set sail for Asia and Europe on a longish tour. The only time the Aussies have met Chile was in the World Cup finals of 1974, in Berlin, where they drew 0-0. From that Australian team only the tiny Scot midfielder, Jimmy Rooney has survived though, at 34, his international career must be also drawing to an end.

So far it hasn't been the kind of 100th birthday the Australian Federation had hoped for or deserved. The guests have gone, the arguments remain and even the expected financial bonanza failed to materialise. A geriatric age doesn't always bring happiness.

Lampard holding the post, Corrigan looking anxious during the recent Australia versus England international at the Sydney Cricket Ground.

LEAGUE TABLES

SOUTH & CENTRAL AMERICAN LEAGUE TABLES

ARGENTINA: First Division

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Newell's Old Boys	16	8	6	2	32	9	22
Talleres Cordoba	17	6	9	2	27	18	21
River Plate	16	7	6	3	28	18	20
Argentinos Juniors	16	6	6	4	26	20	18
Independiente	16	6	6	4	29	27	18
Platense	16	5	8	3	11	11	18
Union Sta Fe	16	7	3	6	26	23	17
Huracan	16	5	7	4	25	24	17
Racing Club	17	5	7	5	17	20	17
Colon Sta Fe	16	4	8	4	16	14	16
Velez Sarsfield	16	6	4	6	15	18	16
Ferro Carril Oeste	16	5	5	6	22	22	15
Quilmes	16	2	11	3	18	20	15
Estudiantes de La Plata	16	3	9	4	16	18	15
Rosario Central	16	5	4	7	17	21	14
San Lorenzo	16	4	6	6	15	21	14
Tigre	16	3	6	7	20	28	12
Boca Juniors	16	3	5	8	15	31	11
All Boys	16	2	6	8	11	23	10

VENEZUELA: Venezuela Cup (final standings)

Group 1	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Atletico Zamora	10	3	6	1	9	7	12
Univ. de Los Andes	10	4	4	2	13	8	12
Lara	10	4	2	4	9	9	10
Portuguesa	9	2	4	3	9	10	8
Tachira	9	2	4	3	5	8	8
Estudiantes	10	1	6	3	9	12	8
Group 2							
Valencia	8	5	3	0	10	2	13
Italia	8	5	1	2	9	6	11
Galicia	8	3	2	3	11	7	8
Atletico Falcon	8	2	0	6	7	14	4
Portugues	8	2	0	6	4	13	4

*Atlectic Zamora won cup in final series with Valencia — 1-1 and 2-0. Zamora had won group 1 by having gained more points against Universidad de Los Andes during group play.

URUGUAY

First Division — after five matches

1. Bella Vista 8 pts; 2. Miramar, Penarol, Wanderers, Sud America, Nacional 6; 7. Huracon Buceo, Cerro, Danubio 5; 10. River Plate, Defensor, Fenix 4; 13. Rentistas 2; 14. Progreso 1.

COLOMBIA

Professional League Opening Tournament

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Pereira	17	7	9	1	22	12	23
At. Junior Baranquilla	16	9	4	3	23	9	22
Deportivo Cali	16	7	6	3	22	17	20
Caldas	16	7	6	3	20	15	20
Quindio	17	7	5	5	16	15	19
Independiente Santa Fe	16	5	7	4	14	13	17
Nacional	16	5	6	5	15	17	16
America Cali	15	5	5	5	22	15	15
Millionarios	17	4	7	6	26	23	15
Union Magdalena	17	5	4	8	13	24	14
Medellin	16	4	6	6	18	22	14
Bucaramanga	17	3	7	7	19	29	13
Tolima	15	1	8	6	14	22	10
Cucuta	17	3	4	10	13	24	10

MEXICO: First Division

Group 1	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Cruz Azul	35	18	14	3	63	33	50
Atlante	35	19	8	8	64	34	46
Puebla	35	11	10	14	55	57	32
Monterrey	35	8	14	13	37	49	30
Jalisco	35	6	12	17	36	60	24
Group 2							
Univ. Auto. de Mexico	35	15	12	8	59	50	42
Tampico	35	13	10	12	57	53	36
Guadalajara	35	10	15	10	41	35	35
Potosino	35	8	12	15	30	45	28
Curtidores	35	8	7	20	34	52	23
Group 3							
America	35	22	10	3	67	32	54
Neza	35	12	18	5	53	37	42
Toluca	35	13	11	11	41	37	37
Univ. de Guadalajara	35	8	13	14	35	48	29
Leon	35	9	10	16	37	53	28
Group 4							
Zacatepec	35	14	12	9	63	46	40
Univ. de Nuevo Leon	35	13	11	11	60	61	37
Univ. A. de Guad'jara	35	9	14	12	44	57	32
Atletico Espanol	35	11	8	16	35	47	30
Atlas	35	7	11	17	40	64	25

*Top two of each group qualify for semi-final round — Cruz Azul, Atlante, America and Zacatepec already qualified with three games to go.

PARAGUAY

First Division — after four matches

1. Libertad, Cerro Porteno 7 pts; 3. Guarani 5; 4. Luqueno, River Plate 4; 6. Sol de America, Nacional, Tembetary, Rubio Nu 3; 10. Olimpia 1.

ECUADOR: Division A Championship

(Opening tournament, 9 games played)

1. Nacional 11 pts; 2. America, Barcelona, Universidad Catolica 10; 5. Liga Deportiva Universitaria 9; 6. Emelec, Everest, Tecnico Universitario, Cuenca, Manta 8.

CHILE: First Division

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Universidad de Chile	5	3	2	0	9	2	9
Cobreloa	5	2	3	0	9	5	8
Colo Colo	5	2	2	1	9	5	7
Green Cross	5	2	3	0	5	3	7
Everton	5	3	1	1	9	7	7
Iquique	5	1	2	2	7	8	6
Universidad Catolica	5	2	2	1	9	7	6
Union Espanola	5	1	4	0	8	6	6
O'Higgins	4	3	0	1	7	4	6
Aviacion	5	1	3	1	5	6	5
Lota Schwager	5	2	1	2	7	6	5
Naval	5	1	2	2	6	7	4
Concepción	5	1	2	2	8	10	4
Coquimbo	5	0	4	1	2	3	4
Magallanes	5	1	2	2	3	11	4
Wanderers	5	0	2	3	3	7	2
Palestino	4	1	0	3	3	6	2
Audax Italiano	5	0	1	4	6	12	1

PERU: National Championship

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Atletico Torino	5	4	1	0	7	1	9
Alfonso Ugarte	5	4	0	1	14	3	8
Sporting Cristal	5	3	2	0	10	5	8
Universitario	5	1	4	0	8	5	6
Deportivo Municipal	5	3	0	2	9	7	6
Deportivo Junin	5	3	0	2	8	8	6
Atletic Chalaco	5	1	3	1	7	6	5
Sport Boys	5	1	3	1	7	7	5
Alianza Lima	5	2	1	2	3	3	5
Union Huaral	5	2	1	2	5	8	5
Col. Nacional Iquitos	5	1	2	2	8	9	4
Coronel Bolognesi	5	1	1	3	5	8	3
Melgar	5	1	1	3	3	7	3
Deport. Tarma	5	0	3	2	3	9	3
Juventud La Palma	5	0	2	3	1	6	2
Juan Aurich	5	0	2	3	2	8	2

● *Continued from page 41*

I for one was affected by the change in both country and climate, and greatly confused by the whole set-up. Naturally, it wasn't easy to find my true form, since I felt particularly stifled by the endless tactical lectures. Even when I did find my form for one brief spell, I was severely reprimanded for going in too hard during a training game.

Breaking the news in front of all the other players hurt, although Lennox was gracious enough to add that we had the chance to play ourselves back in. But when? For how long would I have to play 'Junior Varsity' football, against teams that wouldn't have made any impression on Division 7 of the local Sunday League?

Some players had been known to have waited years to graduate into the '1st team'. I had travelled 3,000 miles to wait two years before getting a *half* decent games of football.

Standard

I just wasn't prepared to wait. The blow would certainly have been softened if my studies there had been in a healthy state. Having passed my 'A'-levels that Summer, I asked to be put in the third year French group. Once there, I found to my dismay that standard was barely up to 'O'-level, in a class of 21-year-olds!

It seemed that there was little future for me at Hartwick. I went with John to see Lennox in his office, its walls draped with pictures of himself and his 1974 World Cup heroes. No, he said without looking at either one of us, there was *guarantee* that we could play ourselves back into the side, or how long it would take. He had picked his squad for the season and that was that.

The decision of whether to remain there playing at a level that could only harm one's game, without even the consolation of a decent education, or hop on the next plane back to london — having been at Hartwick for just over one month — was not as easy as it seemed. However, playing one game for the JV team made it slightly simpler.

To many people, if I left, it would be rather looking a $27,000 gift horse in the mouth. But I knew that I had made the correct decision as soon as I got to the airport in New York. We both left with the briefest goodbyes, leaving behind forever what could euphemistically be described as a bad am.

Offspring

On reflection, Hartwick Holiday Camp — as I re-named it — was yet another private American college, designed to cater for the offspring of wealthy families, unable to reach the academic levels required by the more prominent colleges. There, for a mere $27,000, it provided four years' shelter from the hazards of the outside world.

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I AM A 19-YEAR-OLD AUSTRIAN, living in Canada, and would like to correspond with boys aged 16—19 and who are native Swedes or Icelandics and fans of Elfsborg Boras or Valur Rekjavik. Write as soon as possible to John Sauer, 1955 Woodway Pl., Nr. 107, Burnaby, B.C. V5B 4S5, Canada. Will correspond in English, German or French.

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INTERNATIONAL REVIEW

compiled by Keir Radnedge

MAY 7

Rostock
E. Germany 2 (Kuhn 27, Terletzki 85).
Russia 2 (Gazzayev 11, Burjak 74).
HT: 1-1. Att.: 15,000. **Ref.**: Geurts (Hol.).
E. Germany: Rudwaleit — Brauer (Müller 6), Baum, Ullrich, Strosnik, Schnuphase, Terletzki, Steinbach, Trocha (Beringer 60), Kuhn, Klein.
Russia: Gabelia — Kostava, Evyagintsev, Vorovsky, Kruglov, Buryak, Leshyk, Maksimenkov (Tarkhonov 79), Rogovsky (Yartsev 70), Staroukhin, Gazzayev.
Both teams used the opportunity of a full international to try out various permutations for the Olympics and possibly a far more full-blooded clash later between hosts and holders.

Gothenburg
Sweden 0
Denmark 1 (Steffensen 14).
HT: 0-1. **Att.**: 20,179. **Ref.**: Bjornestad (Nor.).
Sweden: Hellstroem — Erlandsson, Borg, Karlsson, Jönsson, Linderoth, Larsson, Ramberg, ANdersson, Edström, Nilsson.
Denmark: Qvist — Siegler, Busk, Folsen, Steffensen, Simonsen, Molsen, Bertelsen, Nörregard, Bastrup, Eljaer-Larsen.
Another upset for Sweden in their bid to prepare for the World Cup qualifiers. It wasn't a lucky win for the Danes, they dominated much of the game even though they owed the goal to a deflection to Jens Steffensen's shot following a Bertelsen free-kick.
It was Sweden's second home defeat in eight days and all the more traumatic because manager Lars Arnesson had made six changes and recalled a number of exiles, including Hellstrom and striker Ralf Edström.
They had their chances. Stefan Larsson twice hit the posts, Anders Linderoth was narrowly wide once and Danish goalkeeper Ole Qvist made fine stops from both these Swedes.
But the Danes also threatened, and Hellstrom had to save well from Klaus Nörregard and Preben Elkjaer-Larsen.

MAY 13

Wembley
England 3 (Johnson 41, 50, Keegan 68).
Argentina 1 (Passarella 53 pen.).
HT: 1-0. **Att.**: 92,000. **Ref.**: McGinlay (scotland).
England: Clemence — Neal (Cherry 76), Thompson, Watson, Sansom — Coppell, Wilkins, R. Kennedy (Brooking 72) — Keegan, Johnson (Birtles 76), Woodcock.
Argentina: Fillol — Olguin, Van Tuyne, Passarella, Tarantini — Barbas (Simon 53), Gallego, Maradona — Santamaria (Ramon Diaz 61), Luque, Valencia.
A fine win for England in an excellent game which saw both teams go out to play entertaining, winning football. The difference was in desire to win, which England seemed to possess in greater abundance than the world champions, who were starting their three-match European tour.
Argentina could have been among the goals early on, with the delightful skills of 19-year-old wonder boy Diego Maradona providing clear openings for Valencia and Santamaria. Twice Kenny Sansom saved England on the goal-line.
Yet once David Johnson had scored just before the interval with a brilliant diving header to Steve Coppell's cross, the Argentines always looked likely to come off second best.
Leopoldo Luque no longer has the legs and Valencia seemed ill-at-ease playing up front. There was a brief flurry after Daniel Passarella — who also collected a booking for block-tackling Keegan — converted a penalty for Sansom's trip on Maradona. But by then England had already seen Johnson grab a second goal after Fillol was caught out by Ray Kennedy, and later on Keegan smashed a superb third after Coppell killed a centre from Johnson.

Frankfurt
W. Germany 3 (Rummenigge 6, K. Allofs 38, Schuster 58).
Poland 1 (Boniek 35).
HT: 2-1. **Att.**: 45,000. **Ref.**: Menegali (It.).
W. Germany: Schumacher — Kaltz, Cullmann, K-H. Förster, Dietz — B. Förster (Schuster 46), Magath, Briegel (Jakobs 73), H. Müller (Hrubesch 73) — Rymmenigge, K. Allofs.

MAY 16

Dublin
Rep. Ireland 0
Argentina 1
HT: 0-1. **Att.**: 30,000. **Ref.**: Courtney (England).
Rep. Ireland: Peyton — Langan, Moran, P. O'Leary, Hughton — Daly, Grealish (O'Brien 46), Waddock (Ryan 77) — NcGee, Givens, Heighway.
Argentina: Fillol — Olguin, Simon, Passarella, Tarantini — Barbas, Gallego, Maradona — Santamaria, Ramon Diaz (Calderon 73), Valencia.
Argentina were never seriously threatened and, having established their lead in the first-half, closed the game down effectively in the second.
In the early minutes the Irish forged forward, going in after a series of crosses from Daly, Langan and Grealish. But it was Argentina who scored when the brilliant Maradona, after being fouled by Grealish, angled in a low free-kick which Valencia headed past Peyton.
Valencia and Gallego might have increased the lead and near the end, encouraged by the Argentines' relaxed attitude, the Irish — this time managed by Eoin Hand — might have snatched an equaliser. First Givens headed wide with Fillol beaten, then Daly lobbed the goalkeeper only for the ball to drop inches wide.

Belfast — Home Internationals.
N. Ireland 1 (Hamilton 37)
Scotland 0.
HT: 1-0. **Att.**: 20,000. **Ref.**: Thomas (Wales).
N. Ireland: Platt — J. Nicholl, O'Neill, C. Nicholl, Donaghy, McIlroy, Cassidy (McCreery), Finney, Brotherston, Armstrong, Hamilton (McClelland).
Scotland: Thomson — Burley, McLeish, Narey, McGrain, Strachan, Gemmill, Dalglish, Archibald, Weier (Jordan), Souness (Provan).
The Scots returned to Belfast after 10 years, under threat of World Cup punishment later on if they didn't and didn't enjoy the experience.
Hamilton's goal, catching out Narey and McLeish before shooting beneath new 'keeper Billy Thomson, was deserved reward for an Irish team who might have been harder hit by the absence of the Arsenal contingent, than Scotland's lack of the Nottingham Forest men.

MAY 17
Wrexham — Home Internationals.

Wales 4 (Thomas 20, Walsh 30, James 61, Thompson own goal 67).
England 1 (Mariner 15).
HT: 2-1. **Att.**: 25,000. **Ref.**: Foote (Scotland).
Wales: Davies — Nicholas, D. Jones (Pontin 46), Price, J. Jones, Flynn, Yorath, Thomas, Giles, Walsh, James.
England: Clemence — Neal (Sansom 20), Thompson, Lloyd (Wilkins 80), Cherry — Coppell, Hoddle, Brooking, R. Kennedy — Barnes, mariner.
A nasty shock for England after the win over Argentina. The exiles — Keegan and Woodcock — were back in West Germany, the Nottingham Forest men had gone for a holiday before the Champions' Cup final, and Trevor Francis was absent, injured.
Forest allowed Larry Lloyd a day with England for an international recall, but it was hardly the happiest of occasions. The centre of the England defence looked extremely rocky even before an ankle injury saw Lloyd helped from the field.
Another returning reserve, Paul Mariner, opened the scoring, deflecting home a vicious cross-shot from Peter Barnes. But the Welsh, playing their first game under new manager Mike England, soon hit back.
Mike Thomas shot in easily after Walsh turned back a Leighton James centre, and before the interval James had laid on another for Walsh. The Cardiff winger was enjoying his return after 18 months in the wilderness following his trials and tribulations at Derby and QPR, and he was well worth the third goal — heading in a rebound — before Phil Thompson deflected in David Giles' cross for the fourth.

MAY 20

Wembley
England 1 (Brotherston own goal 80).
N. Ireland 1 (Cochrane 81).
HT: 0-0. **Att.**: 35,000.
England: Corrigan — Cherry, Hughes, Watson, Sansom — McDermott, Wilkins, Brooking, Devonshire — Johnson, Reeves (Mariner 70).
N. Ireland: Platt — J. Nicholl, O'Neill, C. Nicholl, Donaghy — McIlroy, Cassidy (McCreery 73), Finney, Brotherston — Hamilton (Cochrane 73), Armstrong.
Ron Greenwood's description of the goal England conceded to Irish substitute Terry Cochrane summed up the game — "sloppy". England, with another selection of reserves and hopefuls — Alan Devonshire of West Ham made his debut — had little to offer.
The Irish, as is their custom, fought doggedly and after Noel Brotherston, under pressure from Johnson, had put through his own goal, they did well to hit back for a draw, which put them in sight of the tournament crown.

Brno.
Czechoslovakia 2 (Vizek 33 and 62).
Rumania 1 (Yoescu 50).
HT.: 1-0. **Att.**: 10,000.
Czechoslovakia: Netolicka — Barmos, Ondrus, Jurkemik (Vojacek 46), Gögh — Kozak, Jarusek, Gajdusek — Masny (Licka 46), Nehoda, Vizek.
Injury problems beset the Czechs as they reached their last warm-up for Italy. No Hruska in goal, no Radimec or Dobias for defence, no Stambachr in midfield or Panenka, and no Janecka up front.
Apart from Ladislav Vizek's accuracy in the penalty box there was little to provide manager Josef Venglos with confidence in his men's ability to spring a surprise in the European championships.

MAY 21

Vienna
Austria 1 (Jara 20).
Argentina 5 (Maradona 15, 75, 89, Santamaria 3, Luque 10).
HT.: 1-3. **Att.**: 67,500. **Ref.**:
Austria: Koncilia — R. Sara (Pospischil 16), Obermayer, Hattenberger, Hintermaier — Prohaska, Kreuz, Jara — Welzl (H. Weber 29), Krankl, Schachner.
Argentina: Fillol — Olguin, Van Tuyne, Passarella, Tarantini (Ocano 30) — Barbas, Gallego, Maradona — Santamaria (Ramon Diaz 70), Luque, Valencia (Ischia 46).
A Maradona hat-trick was icing on the cake for Argentina as the world champions ran riot.
Austrian boss Karl Stotz planned all-out attack in the game which saw the international farewell of veteran skiper Robert Sara — but by the time the FK Austria man walked from the pitch in the 16th minute, his team were already 3-0 down!
In an astonishing opening burst Maradona laid on No. 1 for Santiago Santamaria, Luque nipped through for a second and then Maradona himself made it 3-0.
Kurt Jara pulled one back for the Austrians but their defence, weakened by the absence of Bruno Pezzey to the UEFA Cup Final, fell apart when the Argentines applied the accelerator again in the closing stages.
Even the decision to send on a defender as substitute when Kurt Welzl was hurt by a challenge from Passarella, did little to make the Austrian defence look any more secure and Argentina completed their tour with a record of played three, won one, drawn one, lost one, goals for seven, against four.

Glasgow
Scotland 1 (Miller 29).
Wales 0.
HT: 1-0. **Att.**: 40,000. **Ref.**: Wilson (NI).
Scotland: Rough — Hegarty, McGrain, Miller, Munro, Strachan, McLeish, Gemmill, Dalglish, Jordan, Weir (Aitken).
Wales: Davies — Nicholas, Pontin (Phillips), Price, J. Jones, Flynn, Yorath, Giles, Thomas, Walsh (Rush 15), James.
Wales' chances of their first undisputed British title since 1937 faded with Willie Miller's goal. Swapping passes with Kenny Dalglish, Miller strode

away from Keith Pontin to shoot past Dai Davies and give the Scottish fans a rare opportunity to cheer.

There was little else to please either side, though the display of Gordon Strachan for the Scots was a welcome ray of hope for boss Jock Stein.

The Welsh were hard hit by the early injury to Ian Walsh, for though Ian Rush became their second-youngest international of all time (at 18 years, 214 days), Liverpool's latest acquisition looked a long way short of the class and experience needed for international football.

Scotland could have had more. Peter Weier shot badly wide after being played through by Strachan, and Dalglish headed over after a neatly-judged short cross by Joe Jordan.

Copenhagen
Denmark 2 (Simonsen 53, Bastrup 6).
Spain 2 (Saura 8, Alesanco 79).
HT: 0-1. **Att.**: 24,000. **Ref.**: Eschweiler (WG).

Denmark: Qvist — Steffensen (Norregard 6i6), Busk, Ziegler, F. Olsen — Nielsen (T. Larsen 66), M. Olsen, Bertelsen — Bastrup, Simonsen, Soerensen.

Spain: Arconada (Urruti 46) — Celayeta (Tendillo 46), Alescano, Migueli, Gordillo — Zamora, Asensi, Cardenosa — Saura, Satrustegui, Dani (Alonso 46).

Spain's last warm-up for Italy but one which they had to face without the players of Real and Atletico Madrid and Gijon, all involved in Cup semi-finals.

Nevertheless, Spain looked on the way to revenge for a home defeat by the Danes earlier in the season when Enrique Saura headed them in front after eight minutes. Goalkeeper Qvist was caught badly out of position, having advanced on Satrustegui, whose dummy to a Gordillo cross allowed Saura plenty of time and space.

If the match had been decided on corners, Spain would have been clear winners — eight to three — but they weren't too sharp in the penalty box and soon after half-time Barcelona's own Allan Simonsen equalised. Alesanco was slow to cover after Asensi gave the ball away, and when substitute goalkeeper Urruti dropped Nielsen's cross, Simonsen was in position to tap in.

Eight minutes later and the Danes were ahead. Bastrup hit a cross-shot past Urruti after a break up the left by Morten Olsen. But 11 minutes from the end Alesanco made up for an earlier blunder to head past Qvist, after Saura had hit over corner No. 7.

"We had enough chances to have won," admitted Spain's boss, Ladislao Kubala. "But remember — this was more of a trial game. The result was the last thing that mattered."

MAY 22

Helsinki
Finland 0
Sweden 2 (Nordgren 6, Sjoeberg 31).
HT: 0-2. **Att.**: 8,000.

At last signs of improvement from Sweden — though they had a fine start thanks to Mats Nordgren's early goal, a long-range shot which took a deflection off defender Mikko Lampi.

Thomas Sjoeberg, now settled at home after his spell in Saudi Arabia, scored the second after Torbjorn Nilsson nodded on a corner from Jan Svensson.

Finland battled to get on terms but with skipper Hasse Borg in form in the middle — retained despite public criticism of Lars Arnesson — the Swedes were never panicked. Borg kept Atik Ismail, the Finnish spearhead now playing in Sweden with AIK Stockholm, very quiet.

MAY 23

Cardiff — Home Internationals.
Wales 0
N. Ireland 1 (Brotherston 23)
HT: 0-1. **Att.**: 12,913.

Wales: Davies — Nicholas, Price, Phillips, Jones, Flynn (Harris), Yorath, Thomas, James, Rush, Giles.

N. Ireland: Platt — J. Nicholl, O'Neill, Donaghy, Brotherston, McIlroy, Cassidy (McCreery), Finney, Armstrong, Hamilton (Cochrane).

Northern Ireland won the Home International title outright for the first time thanks to this win, which they owed to a Noel Brotherston goal, after he controlled a low cross from Billy Hamilton.

They last finished top of the group in 1914, but that was before the Irish partition.

The game was played at a lively pace, but Wales could have snatched a point. In the second half Rush was inches from an awkward centre by Giles.

Northern Ireland manager, Billy Bingham, who succeeded Danny Blanchflower seven months before, said: "This is miraculous. Every other country, including Wales, has more players to choose from, yet here we are at the top. And we played only one game at home!"

Moscow.
Russia 1 (Cherenkov 84)
France 0
HT: 0-0. **Att.**: 55,000. **Ref.**: Kuti (Hungary).

Russia: Dassayev — Rodin, Chivadze, Khidiatulin, Rumantsev — Shavlo, Cherenkov, Bessonov — Gavrilov — Andreyev, Chelevadze.

France: Bereroo — Janvion, Specht, Tresor, Bossis — Tigana, Christophe, Platini — Zimako, Lacombe (Pecout 62), Emon (Couriol 46).

France went within six minutes of the end before suffering a rare blow to their record in friendly games. The writing had been on the wall early on, however.

First Bergeroo dived bravely to pluck the ball from Gavrilov's toe, then Chelevadze forced the goalkeeper to tip a drive round the post.

With the appearance of Alain Couriol at half-time for Emon, the Monaco section in the team rose to five, a record for the Monte Carlo club. But their team spirit wan't enough, and six minutes from time Cherekov rose to meet a long, high centre, and place it past Bergeroo into the top corner.

MAY 24

Glasgow
Scotland 0
England 2 (Brooking 8, Coppell 75).
HT: 0-1. **Att.**: 88,000. **Ref.**: Garrido (Portugal).

Scotland: Rough — McGrain, Hegarty, Miller, Munro (Burley), Strachan, Aitken (Gray), McLeish, Gemmill, Dalglish, Jordan.

England: Clemence — Cherry, Thompson, Watson, Sansom — Coppell, McDermott, Wilkins, Brooking — Johnson, Mariner (Hughes).

England found winning much easier than expected, since the Scots put up little resistance. Both defences had their bad moments, but it was England who had the quick-thinking men to profit — particularly in the eighth minute when Brooking prodded home a header from Paul Mariner.

In the second-half Mariner hit the post before Coppell sealed the result, scoring at the second attempt against Alan Rough after a Johnson-Brooking move down the left.

MAY 28

Poznan
Poland 1 Boniek 67)
Scotland 0
HT: 0-0. **Att.**: 20,000.

Poland: Mowlik — Dziuba (Ciolek), Janas, Zmuda, Barczak, Lipka, Nawalka, Lato, Kmiecik, Palasaz, Terlecki.

Scotland: Rough — Burley (Dawson), McGrain, McLeish, Miller, Narey, Strachan, Aitken, Dalglish (Weir), Archibald, Jordan (Brazil).

Injury-hit Scotland had only two shots on goal the whole of the game and the Poles were well worth their first win in seven internationals. Zbignbiew Boniek was the scorer, shooting home from the edge of the penalty box after collecting the ball in midfield and beating two defenders.

"We lost not because the Poles were better in the second-half, but because we were so tired," said Scotland manager Jock Stein.

MAY 31

Budapest
Hungary 3 (Torocsik 4 and 65, Kereki 67)
Scotland 1 (Archibald 66)
HT: 1-0. **Att.**: 10,000.

Hungary: Meszaros — Paroczai, Balint, Garaba, J. TOth — Pasztor, Kereki, Nyilasi — Csongradi, Kiss (Esterhazy), Torocsik.

Scotland: Rough — McGrain, Miller, McLeish, Dawson, Gemmill, Narey, Dalglish, Brazil (Strachan), Archibald, Weir.

Hungary were much too good for Scotland, despite their poor previous two years. With a new manager taking over in ex-Vasas star Kalman Meszoly, they were obviously trying their hardest — none more so than enfant terrible Andras Torocsik.

His first goal saw him go past McLeish after a defence-splitting pass from Csongradi, and his second was struck from a remarkable angle.

Tottenham's new £900,000 striker, Steve Archibald pulled one back, heading in a Gemmill cross, but immediately the Hungarians were two goals clear again with Kereki touching in the ball as Tibor Myilasi's shot rebounded from a post.

EUROPEAN YOUTH TOURNAMENT (East Germany) — Group A: Italy 1, Spain 0; Hungary 0, Norway 0; Spain 2, Norway 1; Italy 4, Hungary 2; Spain 2, Hungary 0; Italy 1, Norway 1. Group B: Holland 2, France 0; E. Germany 0, Bulgaria 1; Holland 3, Bulgaria 0; E. Germany 2, France 0; Bulgaria 1, France 7; E. Germany 0, Holland 0. Group C: Poland 3, W. Germany 2; Rumania 2, Finland 1; Poland 1, Rumania 0; W. Germany 6, Finland 2; Poland 3, Finland 0; W. Germany 0, Rumania 1. Group D: England 1, N. Ireland 0; Yugoslavia 1, Portugal 1; England 1, Portugal 1; Yugoslavia 2, N. Ireland 2; Portugal 1, N. Ireland 0; England 2, Yugoslavia 0. Semi-finals: England 1, Holland 0; Poland 2, Italy 0. Third place: Italy 3, Holland 0. Final (Leipzig): England 2, Poland 1.

PARIS TOURNAMENT (May 20-22) — Semi-finals: Standard Liege 1, Benfica 1 (5-4 pens.); Paris SG 3, Ajax 2. Third place: Benfica 5, Ajax 1. Final: Paris SG 4, Standard 4 (5-4 pens.).

BALKAN CUP FINAL — 2nd leg: Rijeka 1, Sportul 1 (agg. 1-3).

EUROPEAN UNDER-21 CHAMPIONSHIP — Final, 2nd leg: May 21 (Moscow): Russia 1 (Susloparov 55), East Germany 0 (Russia win title 1-0 on agg.).

OTHER INTERNATIONALS — May 14 (Kassel): W. Germany B 2 (Del'Haye 41, Matthäus 63), Poland B 1 (Kusto 88); May 20 (Liege): Belgium U21 0, W. Germany U21 4 (Littbarski 8, Völler 34, Lehmann 36, Hieronymus 70); May 25 (Stockholm): Sweden U21 3, Finland U21 0.

SOUTH AMERICA

APRIL 30

Argentina (1) 1 (Maradona)
Rep. of Ireland (League of Ireland) **0**

ARGENTINA: Fillol, Olguin, Villaverde (Simon, Van Tuyne, Ocano, Barbas (Fren), Gallego, Maradona, calderón, R. Diaz, Valencia.ß

Ireland: Patterson, Greg, Lawlor, McConville, Dunning (Keely), Nolan, Flanagan, Walsh (Hulmes), Minnock (Meagan), Buckley, Evistone. Referee: Roque Cerullo (Uruguay). Att. 75,000.

SOUTH AMERICAN CLUB CHAMPIONSHIP
Libertadores Cup
Group 1 — April 25

Velez Sarsfield (Argentina) 0
River Plate (Argentina) 0

Velez Sarsfield: Falcioni, Gonzalez, Piazza, Jorge, Bujedo, Quinteros, Rotondi, Ischia, Castro (Fonseca), Sanabria, Damiano.

River Plate: Fillol, Saporiti, Lonardi, Passarella, H. Lopez, Merlo, Commisso, Gonzalez (R. Diaz), Alonso (Carrasco), Luque.

Atletico Chalaco (Peru) 0
Sporting Cristal (Peru) 2

Group 1 Final Standings

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Velez Sarsfield, Argentina	6	4	2	0	10	2	10*
River Plate, Argentina	6	4	2	0	10	4	10*
Sporting Cristal, Peru	6	1	1	4	5	8	3
Atletico Chalaco-Peru	6	0	1	5	2	14	1

** Play-off: April 28*

Velez Sarsfield (Argentina) (0) 1 (Damiano)
River Plate (Argentina(0) 1 (Diaz/
— after extra time. Velez win group on better goal difference.

Velez Sarsfield: Falcioni, Gonzalez, Piazza, Jorge (Ruiz, Bujedo, Quinteros, Rotondi, Ischia, Castro, Sanabria (Da Fonseca, Damiano.

River Plate: Fillol, Saporiti, Lonardi, Passarella, H. Lopez, J. Lopez, Merlo, Alonso, Gonzalez, Luque (Diaz), Commmisso.

Leading scorers: 5 — Damiano (Velez), Sanabria (Velez), Sanabria (Velez); 4 — Diaz (River).

Group 2 — April 23

Defensor (Uruguay) 0
Nacional (Uruguay) (2) 3 (Victorino 2, Luzardo).

Defensor: Araujo, Javier, Conde (Pachovic), Meroni, Forlan, Puppo, Russo, Pua, Rodriguez-Deus, Tolosa (Gomez), Rudy Rodriguez.

Nacional: Rodriguez, Moreira, Blanco, De Leon, Gonzalez, Esparrago, De La Pena, Luzardo, Bica, Victorino, Morales (Enriquez).

The Strongest (Bolivia) (1) 3 (Sandoval, Mezza, Canellas)
Oriente Petrolero (Bolivia) (1) 2 (Hugenet 2).

April 26

Nacional (Uruguay) (2) 5 (Morales 3, Millar, Victorino)
Oriente Petrolero (Bolivia) 0

Nacional: Rodriguez, Moreira, Blanco, Molina, De Leon, Millar, Esparrago, Luzardo, Bica, Victorino, Morales (Perez).

Oriente Petrolero: Jorge, Campos, Arias, Taritolay, Espinosa, Huguenet, Montero, F. Franco (Bonilla), P. Franco, Saucedo (Gutierrez); Toninho.

Defensor (Uruguay) (0) 1 (R. Rodriguez)
The Strongest (Bolivia) (0) 1 (Sandoval)

Defensor: Araujo, Forlan, Russo, Javier (Roman), Meroni, Arispe, Rodriguez de Deus, Pua, Oddine, Tolosa, R. Rodriguez.

The Strongest: Galarza, Trigo, Fontana, Fernandez, Canellas, Peckerman, Angulo, Mazza, Paniagua Lattini, Sandoval.

April 29

Defensor (Uruguay) (1) 1 (Russo pen.)
Oriente Petrolero (Bolivia) (0) 1 (Toninho)

Defensor: Araujo, Forlan, Russo, Roman,

● *Continued overleaf*

● *Continued from previous page*

Machando, Arispe, Puppo, Rodriguez de Deus, Oddine (Gaetano), Tolosa, R. Rodriguez.

Oriente Petrolero: Jorge, Arias, Campos, Loro, Montero, Bonilla, Espinosa, Huguenet, Ramirez, Toninho, Gutierrez.

April 30

Nacional (Uruguay) (0) 2 (Morales pen., Victorino)
The Strongest (Bolivia) 0

Nacional: Rodriguez, Moreira, Blanco, De Leon, Gonzalez, Esparrago, De La Pena, Luzardo, Perez (Milar), Victorino, Morales.

The Strongest: Galarza, Trigo, Fontana, Hernandez, Iriondo, Peckerman, Angulo, Mezza, Paniagua (Castro), Lattini, Sandoval. **Referee**: Guillermo Velazquez, Colombia. **Att.**: 50,000.

Group 2 Final Standings

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Nacional – Uruguay	6	5	0	1	14	4	10
The Strongest (Bolivia)	6	3	1	2	9	6	7
Defensor (Uruguay)	6	1	2	3	3	8	4
Oriente Petrolero (Bolivia)	6	1	1	4	5	13	3

Leading scorers: 4 Victorino (Nacional), Morales (Nacional).

Group 3 – April 27

Vasco da Gama (Brazil) 4
Galicia (Venezuela) 0

Vasco da Gama: Mazaropi, Orlando, Juan, Lo, Paulo Cesar, Dudu, Guina (Paulo Roberto), Mendonca, Catinha, Peribaldo, Paulinho.

Galicia: Jimenez, Cecilio, Acosta, Rios, Cabra, Perico Leon, Valdivia, Cabral, Gaby, Febles, martinez.

Internacional (Brazil) 4 (Adavilson 2, Bira, Claudio Minero, pen.)
Tachira (Venezuela) 0

Internacional: Gasparin, Joao Carlos, Mauro Pastor, Mauro Galvao, Claudio Mineiro, Batista, Tao, Cleo, Hair, Bira, Mario Sergio.

Tachira: Griego, Contreras, Garcia, Betancourt, Arroyo, Mendez, Tapia, Tolezano, Carloe, Ferrari, Gallea.

April 30

Internacional (Brazil) (0) 2 (Falcao, Jair)
Galicia (Venezuela) 0
Vasco da Gama (Brazil) 1
Tachira (Venezuela) 0

Group 3 Final Standings

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Internacional (Brazil)	6	4	1	1	10	3	9
Vasco da gama (Brazil)	6	3	2	1	7	2	8
Galicia (Venezuela)	6	3	1	2	4	7	7
Tachura-Venezuela	6	0	0	6	0	9	0

Group 5 – April 22

O'Higgins (Chile) (0) 2 (Neira, Olivera)
Sol de America (Paraguay) 0

O'Higgins: Leyes, Irazaval, Gatica, O. Vargas, Serrano, Acosta, Neira, Coppa, Nunez, J. Vargas, Olivera.

Sol de America: Bataglia, Medina, Farina, Torres, Cardozo, Farias, Mino, Caceres (Benitez), Acosta, Isassi (Pedroza), Benitez, Leyte.

Colo Colo (Chile) (0) 2 (Caszely, Orellana)
Cerro Porteno (Paraguay) (0) 1 (Ovelar).

Colo Colo: Osben, Rodriguez, A. and L. Herrera, Diaz, Inostroza, Ormeno, Vasconcellos, Ponce, Gaszely, Miranda.

Cerro Porteno: R. Fernandez, Gonzalez, Ovelar, Cibils, Rivas, Carmona, Osorio, Florentin, I. Fernandez, Cabanas, Gamarra.

April 25

Colo Colo (Chile) (1) 1 (Vasconcellos).
Sol de America (Paraguay) (1) 1 (Isassi).

Colo Colo: Osben, Rodriguez, A. and L. Herrera, D. Diaz, Inostroza (Rivas), Ponce (Orellana), L. Diaz, Caszely, Vasconcellos, Miranda.

Sol de America: Battaglia, Medina, Torres, M. Espinoza, Farina, Mino, Farias, Acosta (Aleman), Isassi, J. Benitez (S. Espinola), Benitez-Leyte.

O'Higgins (Chile) 0
Cerro Porteno (Paraguay) o

O'Higgins: Leyes, Irrazaval, Gatica, O. Vargas, Serrano, Acosta, Coppa, Neira, Nunez, J. Vargas, Olivera.

Cerro Porteno: R. Fernandez, Figueredo, Ovelar, Cibils, Rivachena, Pezoa (Prtiz-Aquino), Florentin, Carmona, I. Fernandez (Spinola), Insfran, Gamarra.

Group 5 Final Standings

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
O'Higgins (Chile)	6	2	2	2	8	6	6
Cerro Porteno-Paraguay	6	2	2	2	9	7	6
Colo Colo-Chile	6	2	2	2	11	11	6
Sol de America-Paraguay	6	2	2	2	6	9	6

**O'Higgins won group on superior goal difference.*

Leading scorers: 5 – Vasconcellos (Colo Colo); 3 – Neira (O'Higgins), Caszely (Colo Colo), Isassi (S. de America), cabana (C. Porteno).

Other Internationals: Cipolletti (Argentina) 1, League of Ireland 0 (May 4); Cipolletti (argentina) 1. League of Ireland 2 (May 6); Newell's Old Boys (Argentina) 1, League of Ireland 1 – Irish team won 5-4 on post-match penalties (May 11); Rosario Centreal (Argentina) 6, Leagueoif Ireland 1 (May 18).

WORLD CUP 1982
Qualifying match dates

South American Group 2

July 26, 1981: Colombia v Peru; august 9: Uruguay v Colombia; August 16: Peru v Colombia; August 23: Uruguay v Peru; September 6: Peru v Uruguay; September 13: Colombia v Uruguay.

Central America

Central American zone – July 2, 1981: Panama v Guatemala; Nov. 16: Guatemala v Panama; July 30: Panama v Honduras; Dec. 14: Honduras v Panama; Aug. 24: Panama v El Salvador; Oct. 5: El Salvador v Panama; Oct. 1: Costa Rica v Honduras; Nov. 16: Honduras v Costa Rica; Oct. 12: Guatemala v Costa Rica; Nov. 26: Costa Rica v Guatemala; Oct. 19: Honduras v El Salvador; Nov. 23: El Salvadore v Honduras; Oct. 26: Honduras v Guatemala; Nov. 7: Guatemala v Honduras; Oct. 26: El Salvador v Costa Rica; Dec. 14: Costa Rica v El Salvador; Nov. 9: Guatemala v El Salvador; Dec. 21: El Salavador v Guatemala.

Northern zone – Oct. 18 or 19, 1980: Canada v Mexico; Oct. 25/26: USA v Canada; Nov. 1: Canada v USA; Nov. 9: Mexico v USA; Nov. 16: Mexico v Canada; Nov. 21-23: USA v Mexico.

Caribbean zone – March 30, 1981: Guyana v Grenada; April 13: Grenada v Guyana; Aug. 17: Cuba v Surinam; Sept. 7: Surnam v Cuba; Sept. 28: Guyana/Grenada winner v Surinam; Oct. 12: Surinam v Guyana/Grenada winner; Nov. 9: Cuba v Guyana/Grenada winner; Nov. 30: Guyana/Grenada winner v Cuba.

West Indies zone – Aug. 15, 1981: Haiti v Trinidad Tobago; Sept. 7: Trinidad Tobago v Haiti; Sept. 28: Dutch West indies v haiti; Oct. 10: Haiti v Dutch West indies; Nov. 9: Trinidad Tobago v Dutch West indies; Nov. 30: Dutch West Indies v Trinidad Tobago.

The top two teams of each zone play off in a six-team final round at a Central American country to be chosen by the six finalists.

Sporting Cristal of Peru.

World SOCCER
MARK LIVERIC (14) NEW YORK COSMOS
and TIM CLARK (17) MINNESOTA KICKS

EINTRACHT FRANKFURT UEFA Cup Winners 1980